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MASTERS AND WORKMEN.

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MASTERS AND WORKMEN.

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MASTERS AND WORKMEN:

A TALE FOR THE TIMES.

BY

SARAH ELIZABETH B. PATTERSON,

AUTHOR OF "SISTER AGNES," "DUNELLAN MANSE," &c.

LONDON:

T. NELSON AND SONS, PATERNOSTER ROW;

EDINBURGH; AND NEW YORK.

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PREFACE.

CONSIDERABLE intercourse with the Working Classes, and strong interest in them, have induced the publication of this small volume, which may be considered a commentary on the text "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." There are many happy homes, such as that here depicted, where temporal well-being is founded upon obedience to the laws of God; and there are, alas! degradation and misery far deeper than any here portrayed, which are occasioned by the breach of those laws.

The domestic and national prosperity of Britain are dependant upon conformity to the rules of the Bible. Rob England of her faith and of her Sabbaths, and her greatness is gone. Let her working man be deprived of these, and the Italian or Spanish peasant is less degraded than he will speedily become; for, not possessing the physical elasticity of the inhabitant of those countries, he will sink into a more sluggish, sottish state of animal existence; and living where the "race for riches" is faster, and the struggle for wealth more strenuous, his own toil and oppression will be infinitely more.

If the upper classes *can* afford to lose the Sabbath, assuredly

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those beneath them cannot. It is a good omen for their welfare that they are rising in its defence.

Some of the readers of this simple tale will probably discover the *locality* of "Norchester," and recognise scenes depicted there. They will not, however, find in it the originals of the characters described. The aged Mr. Newton, in whose happy home the early "New Year's days" of the authoress were spent, has been long gathered to his fathers, and the other portraits have, in whole or in part, been drawn from other sources.

In this, as in former publications, where real characters are drawn, they are given with fictitious names. There are two exceptions, two ancient worthies, who, as an island friend would say, are here immortalized as long as the tale may last, "Betty the beadle," and "old John the groom."

It may be considered an objection that the interests of *time* are here noticed rather than those of eternity. The reason is certainly not that the authoress considers them the *chief* objects of solicitude, but simply that the design of the book is to point out the practical bearing of Christianity upon society, the society of this lower world. This is in itself important, though immeasurably less so than its bearing upon eternity. May the readers of this little work not *rest* in "the life that now is," but may they aspire in preparation, and hope, and affection, to "*that which is to come!*"

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MASTERS AND WORKMEN.

CHAPTER I.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

"Onward its course the present keeps;
Onward the constant current sweeps."

LONGFELLOW.

In an ancient commercial town in the north of England, which we shall call Norchester, the New Year was ushered in by a merry peal of bells from old St. James's church, and a simultaneous burst of street music, and street cheers, awakening all the echoes from their slumbers, and making the silent streets suddenly vocal with multitudinous sounds.

Very sweetly the night bells swelled and died away upon the ear, while with wild merriment the chorus of rude voices and varied instruments arose, now in strange harmony, now in stranger discord, like music in a storm. Neither moon nor stars appeared overhead; but the darkness was made visible by rows of glimmering lamps. Soon the crowd stopped before the railings that enclosed the church, the brighter lamplight there flashing on grotesque faces, and uncouth habiliments; and after serenading the gray and crumbling walls, it marched through the massive gateway that frowned across the entrance to the town;

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again it proceeded along the street bounded by the decaying fortifications; and after circling the town, the musicians retired to a tavern to drink the health of the New Year.

Then the groups of young men and boys separated, some to public houses for revelry and excess, some to the dwellings of friends and sweethearts for first-footing, and a few, alas! it was very few, to their own homes for quietness and rest.

There were some who had met in hallowed places, or friendly firesides, for devotion. And the gay parties, and sober home circles, that had "sat the Old Year out, and the New Year in," gradually melted away, and sleep spread his wings over orderly habitations.

Scarcely had the morning light rendered distinctly visible the curling smoke that arose from the relighted fires, when busy feet were again astir for early calls. In a suburban street, a number of respectable looking workmen entered a wide gateway, one of the folding doors of which was thrown open. They passed into a paved court, round the sides of which large pear trees were trained, and in which stood a couple of tall poplars like gigantic sentinels. The leafless branches this morning were coated with pure hoar frost, and the frost sprinkled the yard as with pearls. This was the back way to their master's house. He was an extensive builder and house proprietor, and they were the foremen of the different departments, the young apprentices, and the men employed about the family premises.

To old John the groom it appertained every morning to light the back kitchen fire; on Christmas eve to lay on the yule log; and on New-Year's morning to send the flame roaring up the chimney,—this morning it did so mag-

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nificently. Then there was another flaming fire in the servants' hall, making every polished thing therein shine with double brightness, especially the old dark oaken table, upon which was set out bread, and cheese, and beer, and spice loaf. There was a huge kettle of coffee on the hot plate; and as each man came in he was served with a well sweetened cup, directed to the viands on the table, and presented with "the master's" New-Year's gift. Merry greetings and merry jokes went round; *and every man and boy was sober.* "I keep no drunken men," was the inflexible decision of "the master," and well he was rewarded for that decision; a more respectable body of workmen, a greater number of old, faithful attached servants, you could not find in all merry England.

But by the light of the gas we shall ascend the wide old-fashioned staircase, with its great dark pictures on each landing place, and visit the room of "the *old* master." There is a bright fire there too, for everything was cheerful in the house on New-Year's Day; in fact, it was the old gentleman's gala day. There he sat upright in bed, habited in an ancient dressing gown, and flaxen wig—the latter rather reducing the height of his forehead, though you could still perceive its ample breadth—his intelligent eye, which you might fancy once to have been piercing, was of the indefinable shade, between blue and hazel, and was lighted up by a merry smile, which played also about the corners of a very firm well-shaped mouth. The old gentleman was not ill, but being now more than eighty years of age, he breakfasted in bed, and received his early visitors there. This morning he had a bag well filled with bright golden guineas under his pillow.

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His family was not numerous; but as they entered one by one to kiss him, and wish him "a good New-Year, they received a hearty response, and a golden coin. Two or three laughing grandchildren rattled in, and took the offered treasure with jumping and clapping of hands.

"I'll see you all at dinner," he said. The New-Year's dinner was always taken under his especial protection; relatives near and distant gathered to it.

"Please accept my New-Year's gift, grandpapa, a book in great big letters," said Richard.

"And this bag to put it in, my *own work*," added Charlotte.

Grandpapa gently took the gifts. He looked first at that of the little girl, and taking her small hand between both of his, said, "nicely made, my woman, I like a little girl to be clever at her needle, and to do *useful* things with it. It is a *very* pretty bag for old grandfather's book."

He then opened the book itself. "How now, my wee man!" he exclaimed, "I can see this without my spectacles, I do believe. Great O, little o, bouncing B; fine big letters truly."

"They are all nice texts, gran'pa," said Richard.

The old man laid his hand upon the head of the boy: "All from the book that is my best comfort now, my boy. Read that book, and love it well when you are young, and it will make you happy when you are old and feeble like me, if you live so long."

"James Collins has folded up your New-Year's gift for luck, father," said Mr. George. "He is going to be married, and wants the room left vacant by that scamp Dobson."

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"James is a decent lad, I wish him joy, and hope he has chosen a good wife," replied the old gentleman.

"Why, he ought to know her pretty well at any rate," observed his son, "for he tells me they have been engaged four years."

"Clearly he is not an Irishman," said Mr. Newton laughing. "I think I must change my gift into a golden one, as a reward for patience."

"I think not, father; a nice little bit of furniture, or something that he can *show* as his master's present will be better."

"Yes; you are right; when is the marriage to be,—and who is the maiden?"

"A housemaid of Mr. Vicars'. They have been saving all this time for their furniture; and are to begin in February, with every article paid for."

"Aye; he shall have the house and welcome, and something to put in it too; for by this token, they'll be a prudent, honest, well-doing couple," said the old gentleman merrily and emphatically.

"Suppose you give them a family Bible," said Mr. George.

"Excellent. Give them a hint not to buy one; and have it ready for the wedding-day."

"They are going to become teetotallers," said Mr. George.

"Pshaw! that's only for reclaiming drunkards. Cannot they keep sober as I have done all my life without that?"

"I would not say a word against it, sir. It is not easy in those days to keep a sober wedding. Beginning as teetotallers they will neither get tipsy themselves nor make others so by way of rejoicing."

"Well, it is often a vile thing a workman's wedding."

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"The beginning of ruin to some of the party."

From this conversation may be gathered the interest felt by Mr. Newton and his son in the welfare of their men. They were strict disciplinarians, but much beloved; and from the integrity and regularity with which their business was conducted, they were universally respected. "We can *depend* upon Newton," was a frequent remark of those who had business to transact in his line; "the master won't be trifled with, so we may as well obey; he is over good a master to lose," was the check to any idea of insubordination on the part of the men.

Mr. George Newton, now sole manager of the business, was, at the time we are writing of, about forty years of age, of the middle size, with brown hair, dark grey eyes, and Roman nose; and with an air of quiet decision which inspired the feeling that he was—as the men declared—"not to be trifled with." But his decision was so tempered with justice, or rather I might say so *based* upon justice, that it was seldom complained of. He was decided upon what he felt, after due consideration, *to be right.* He balanced duly the interests of his workmen and of himself, with a strict regard to integrity in dealing with his employers.

The different departments of his work were under the superintendence of intelligent foremen, some of whom had been with his father from an early age; but he personally looked well to the management of all, so that no abuses could escape his own eye.

It had always been the custom in the establishment to pay the men at four o'clock on the Saturday afternoon; the work of the week was over before that time. When the

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Saturday half-holiday was broached, the Messrs. Newton entered warmly into the design.

Mr. Newton interested himself personally in the welfare of his workmen, warmly encouraging them in depositing their spare money in savings' banks, in frequenting the mechanics' library, and in procuring good education for their children. He would occasionally recommend to them a good book or periodical; and above all he took care to repress drunkenness. A man who had "a drinking bout" was severely reprimanded for the first offence; but if he was a second time off work for the same cause, he was dismissed. This was known to be an inexorable rule; and it was attended with the happiest results.

Miss Newton was about the age of thirty-five, tall and rather slender, fair, with deep blue eyes, and a most benevolent countenance, which though faded, still bore the traces of beauty. Her manner was gentle, though partaking somewhat of her brother's firmness. It was said that she had once loved, and lost the object of her affection; and it was certain that no suitor for her hand during many years had met with the smallest encouragement. She was devoted to her aged father, and to works of Christian benevolence; especially she was much beloved in the families of her brother's workmen, the members of which looked up to her for counsel and comfort as to a superior being.

Her influence tended much to promote that constant good feeling between master and men which is so desirable, but so little experienced in those days of extortion on the one hand and stubborn resistance on the other. The workmen knew that they were cared for by their master and his family as rational and immortal beings.

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CHAPTER II.

A WORKMAN'S WEDDING.

"Pilgrims of life, henceforward to travel together; in this the beginning of your journey, neglect not the favour of heaven:
"Let the day of hopes fulfilled be blest by many prayers; and at eventide kneel ye together." MARTIN TUPPER.

"A WEDDING,—a wedding,—hurrah! A wedding,—hurrah! hurrah!" were the cries of a set of urchins, while at ten o'clock on the twentieth of February the old verger opened the ponderous gates of St. James's churchyard; and "Betty the beadle," a well-known character, busied herself about the vestry; and three decent couples, nicely attired, passed up the steps, and along the flags, and through the old church porch.

"A wedding,—a wedding—hurrah!" The bridegroom threw among them a handful of halfpence, and eager was the scramble to pick up the coins; two or three boys were kicked over into the mud, the quickest and strongest pocketed the most, and the rest grumbled or whimpered, or slyly pulled the coats of the victors.

The bride, a pretty dark-eyed maiden of middle height, had on a neat straw-bonnet trimmed with white ribbon, and a dress of drab-coloured merino. The bridegroom, rather tall and intelligent-looking, was drest in a dark blue coat, buff waistcoat, and buff gloves. These were to be their Sunday dresses for a long while to come. Two of Alie's fellow-servants, and two of James's brother workmen, were the attendant couples. Mary the bridesmaid had flowers and flounces; but Alie had resisted all her argu-

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ments in behalf of a bride having a white veil and orange blossoms.

"It is true I can get them cheap," she said, "but they are not becoming in my station. A workman's wife should not make-believe to be a lady."

So Alie was the very essence of neatness and propriety—far prettier than a make-believe lady—when she stood, not without a little trembling, before the rails of the communion-table; and the minister, in his white surplice, proceeded with the marriage ceremony.

I wonder how it is that all the giddy folks in the world choose the subject of marriage as the theme of joking, and fun, and nonsense. It is really not a funny thing at all, but the beginning of either a great deal of happiness or a great deal of misery, to end only with death. One would suppose it enough to make people serious, to be assured that the little knot so quickly tied before that railing can be loosed only by the clammy fingers of the King of Terrors, be it for good or for evil, for weal or for woe. And yet, forsooth, it is the chosen theme of the jokes of every hairbrain and rattleskull; and many people get it tied as thoughtlessly as if a mouse's nibble could cut it to-morrow.

These laughings and jokings, and this rash inconsideration, are the reason why so many married people would give any money to be unmarried again, having repented at leisure of what they did in haste.*

James and Alie had considered the matter, and consulted their Bibles about it, and waited for the proper time; so any one might prophesy that they would be a happy couple.

* Start not, gentle reader. I have a still greater horror of monasteries and nunneries than even of foolish marriages.

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Having a little money laid by, James had hired a jaunting car for the day; it cost less than many bridegrooms spend in drink: and the party was to have a wedding excursion, if the weather should permit. And the weather *did* permit; you could not see a finer February day. The sky was pale blue, the sun shone brightly, the sparrows that haunted the church roof twittered, the rooks that peopled the tall trees on the north side cawed, and looked busy and knowing; there was a gladsome air over every thing that morning. True, the sunshine in the hearts of the party would have made even a cloudy day seem sunny; but it was really and truly in itself a beautiful day, and a drive into the country was sure to be a pleasant one.

The jaunting car was not brought to the church-door. They did not want a display of that kind. There was a quiet lane from the church into the country road; and so, after names had been written and register made, and all the formalities gone through, the couples passed out of the church-yard, round the corner, and into the lane, at the top of which the car was waiting. It held exactly six, with a boy to drive, and merrily they sprang in. A large basket was in the car full of substantial sandwiches, and buns, and wedding-cake, for their mid-day repast. They were to go to the new home to tea.

"I declare I wish that somebody would get married every week and invite me, it is so pleasant to go into the country," said Mary, the bridesmaid, looking round on the grassy and furzy moor they had entered. "The air has a different smell here altogether."

"Get married yourself to a farmer, and you'll have it every day," said the groomsman slyly.

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"I can't make butter, and I'm frightened of a cow," replied the girl, laughing.

"'Tis a joy to a farmer's girl to get into town," said the bridegroom, "and a joy to townsfolk to get into the country."

"Anything for change, as the prince said when he went to break stones," William Gibson observed. "We'll join you on a trip to the seaside on Sunday; what say you, James?"

"Thank you," replied James. "If you will take a fine Saturday afternoon in summer, I'll join you with all my heart; but no Sunday trips for me."

"Oh! man, it is the only day the poor can get."

"How so?"

"Can't afford to be off work for play."

"I have better work on Sundays, and I can't afford to be off *that* for play," said James.

"Tut, man, there's no harm in going to the seaside on Sunday."

"I think there is; but even if not, I can't afford the time," persisted James.

"What do you mean, my good fellow?"

"Why, as you say, a working man has little time to himself. Now, I am going a great journey, I don't know how soon, and want to get ready for it."

"*You* are surely not going to Australia—good wages, a new wife, the best master in the town."

"I am *not* going to Australia," said the bridegroom, smiling.

"Then what journey?"

"One you must go too; to a place farther off."

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"Then that must be out of the world."

"Just so."

"You melancholy fellow, to talk of such a thing on your wedding-day!"

"Alie," cried Mary, "mind you give him a dressing for this; he'll make you melancholy."

"I am not afraid," said Alie.

"There's nothing melancholy in being ready for a journey; one might be melancholy to think of being unready, when he is liable to be called any minute," said James.

"Oh, if you are going to spend your Sundays in such gloom, my respects to you," cried William Gibson, laughing. "I won't come and take my Sunday tea with you."

"I have no liking for gloom," replied James; "I am as cheerful a fellow as any of you, I think."

"So you are, so you are," they all exclaimed; "but on a Sunday!"

"Why, it is my only day for minding my soul, and getting real wisdom, and securing a happiness that nothing can mar."

"But you can go to church once, and take the rest of the day for pleasure."

"I suspect you and I do not agree in what pleasure is," said James.

"Pleasure! why everybody knows the meaning of that."

"I find great pleasure in studying the word of God, and hearing of the love of Christ, and thinking about heaven," was the reply.

"Look up at that sky," said the groomsman. "Is'nt there pleasure in it and the sunshine, and the green grass,

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and the country smells; and is'nt there pleasure in the sea, and the rocks, when you can get down for sixpence?"

"Very great pleasure," replied James; "so great that I mean to take a half-holiday to see them sometimes."

"But when you can get on a Sunday."

"I have *greater* pleasures on that day which I don't wish to lose, and I don't wish to offend my Master."

"The master does not ask about those things; he has no right over Sundays."

"The Great Master has commanded us to keep holy the Sabbath-day. I love him; I should be sorry to offend him."

"You are putting things in a bit of a new light," said the groomsman. "I thought it was only gloom, and fear, and such things that kept the like of you from taking a jaunt on Sunday. I never thought of more *enjoyment* in religion."

"Well, we all like to be happy in *our own ways*," said William.

James thought he had said enough. He did not want to *preach* to his wedding party. But he was not ashamed of his Master; he liked an opportunity of saying a word for Him and his laws. But he knew that it was unwise to weary people about religion, and so he began to talk about something else. The fine day and the pleasant air put all into excellent spirits; they drove to a pretty village a few miles off, and before arriving at it, the basket was opened, and the sandwiches attacked. Every one pronounced them excellent.

"Hollo, boy, stop!" cried the groomsman; "look at that clear water at the roadside. Where can we get a cup for a drink?"

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"There's a mug in the basket," said Alie.

"But," said the bridegroom, "here's teetotaller's fare—good ginger beer."

"Better than strong liquors; but we must not pass this fine water," said the other, getting out of the car, and going to a little spout, from which the crystal stream flowed, sparkling in the sunshine, into a stone trough. "Oh, James, if we had water like this in the town, there would never be sickness there." Then lifting the mug to his head, he said, "Here's to the health of the bride and the bridegroom, and may they never want a cup of good cold water, nor anything else that is excellent!" In one long draught he drank off the pure beverage, while the party in the car clapped their hands. He then rinsed the mug, and supplied it afresh, until all were satisfied, and the ginger beer was reserved for the end of the feast.

Ryland was as picturesque as an inland village in a flat country could be. I call it *flat*, for there were no mountains about it; but the roads were certainly not flat; there were hills and hollows so many that the whole party got out of the car and walked, to lighten the burden of the horse. On descending the hill from which they caught the first view of the village, they looked down upon an antique bridge over a stream, which Alie, who had never seen a mountain torrent, thought must be as wild and rocky as any in Switzerland or Scotland. A noble wood clothed its opposite bank, and the leafless trees disclosed a ruined abbey mantled with ivy. Many a goodly acre of the rich fields they had passed once belonged to the monks of that abbey; but these were now possessed by the owner of a handsome mansion, whose roof and chimneys alone were

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seen further off. At the end of the old bridge, looking down upon the stream, stood the inn, a favourite resort of anglers.

There they put up their horse, and then sallied forth to wander among the woods, to see the abbey, and to catch what glimpses they could of the grounds of the hall. They then returned to Norchester, which they reached about six o'clock, and found tea prepared by Mrs. Vicars' cook, who had been commissioned by her mistress to set upon the table various dainties for the wedding meal of her faithful servant. They passed a merry evening; and as there were no spirits, there was no unseemly rioting, all was happiness. The company dispersed at ten o'clock.

On the head of the mahogany drawers, which served as a side-table, a large family Bible had attracted the attention of everybody. It was the gift of "the master," and a suitable inscription attested the fact.

James reverently placed it upon the table, "Alie," he said, "our house shall be hallowed by family worship. We'll begin with it. That is the happiest house where God dwells."

"It cannot be happy without His presence," replied Alie, a tear, not of sorrow, starting into her eye.

I must give my readers a peep at the humble home of the young couple. Entering by a narrow passage from one of the principal thoroughfares of the town, you come into a neat square called Greencourt. In the centre was a grass plot, with three old trees in it. Round the plot was a tolerably wide pavement, and round that again, on three sides, neat brick houses of two stories, some of them inhabited by a single family, and graced with a green door and

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knocker; some of them let in rooms to respectable work-people. A comfortable kitchen and small bedroom, forming half of the ground-floor of one of these, was the house of James and Alie. There was a neat grate with small oven, a good fire, and a whitewashed hearth; bright fender and fire-irons; and at a little distance from the fire a polished birch-wood table. On the window-seat were two geraniums, a china rose, and a myrtle; and in front of the window a white deal table, for baking and ironing, &c. Against the wall, opposite the window, stood a chest of mahogany drawers, with a bit of oil-cloth on the top, a row of books along the back, in the centre the large Family Bible, its handsome binding covered with black leather; and on each side of the Bible a curiously fashioned glass, with a tall stem and circular bowl, wedding presents from a glasshouse man. In the dark corner, between the window and door, were a cupboard for pots and pans, and other unsightly articles; and above that, a frame for plates and dishes. A few birchen chairs, two of them with arms and cushions, a three-legged stool, and a "cracket," completed the furniture. I had forgotten to mention a square of carpet in the middle of the floor, and a stripe before the fire. During all the time of my acquaintance with James and Alie, I never saw their room untidy, much less dirty.

A tent bed filled up the foot of the small bed-room, a little table before the window held a dressing-glass, and two chests served as seats. Altogether, it was as snug, tidy, and pretty a house as a working man could desire. And it had a guest who makes everything bright wherever he goes.

The presence of God was there.

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CHAPTER III.

NEIGHBOURS.

"Placed for his trial on this bustling stage,
From thoughtless youth and ruminating age;
Free in his will to choose or to refuse,
Man may improve the crisis or abuse."

COWPER.

THE upper story of No. 5 consisted of two good sized and two smaller rooms; one side was inhabited by an elderly Scotswoman and her son. Mrs. Tyndal was the widow of a godly man, who had been in the employment of Mr. Newton. The worthy couple had left Scotland in their youth, but had carried with them the religion and the habits of their fatherland. The Presbyterian church and the Sabbath fireside bore witness to the training of their early years.

They had a daughter, who died in childhood, and in later life a son was born to them, who became, as the father expressed it, "the light of his mother's eyes."

"Dinna set your heart sae upon that bairn, Katie," the good man would say; "Mind ye the sayin' o' holy writ,—'The idols He will utterly abolish.'"

"He was gi'en us to love and to cherish, Colin," she would reply; "and gif we bring him up in the ways o' holiness, there's nae sin in letting out the love o' a parent's heart."

"Dinna gie him the *first* place, then, Katie; and dinna let the heart o' love stay the hand o' correction," said her husband.

"Aweel, Colin, tak' the correction intil your ain hand;

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I'm mair for the drawin' than the drivin'," answered the mother.

"Mark ye," he said, "in the upbringin' o' a child there suld be first the *rule* that's no to be transgressed, save on pain o' correction. Disobedience is easiest quelled at first. Ye may dam in the wee burnie, when ye canna turn the strong river. Then there's the teachin' an' the trainin'; niest, the example; and, lastly, to crown a', the prayer for a blessing on a parent's endeavours. There's nae promise o' reapin' to them that never sawed; nae roof without a foundation."

"Aweel, I'm no gude at the correction."

And in truth Mrs. Tyndal was not good at correcting. She taught her child prayers and hymns, and the good old psalms, that have gladdened alike the palace of the shepherd-king and the cottage of the Scottish peasant. She took him early to church, and he learned to love the Sabbath-evening, when the Sunday pictures were brought out, and the stories told of David and Joseph and Samson; of little Samuel and the child Jesus; and when, in true Scottish fashion, having had an early tea, but no dinner, they drew to the fire at night a cheerful supper-table, with some little simple treat, instead of the ordinary porridge. He liked to join, with his young voice, in the psalm at family-worship, just as he liked to hear the pleasant bells ring for church; for he inherited much of the poetry which so often belongs to the Scottish peasant, and which *Bible training* fosters;* but it was the pleasant variety, the quiet

* The heart must be very depraved, and the mind sorely vitiated, that, *knowing* what the Sabbath is in the godly peasant homes of Scotland—how simple, how holy, how poetically beautiful—can sneer at its hallowed rest, and strive to destroy it by the turmoil of amusement.

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happiness of the day, that attracted the child, not that his young heart, like the heart of Samuel, had been touched by the love of God; for we may love all that is outward in religion with but an earthly love.

But Mrs. Tyndal failed in correcting her child. He early began to feel himself a little man of great importance, to have a very decided will of his own, and to assert that will in opposition to his mother. When his father was at home, *his* word was law; but his father was out all day, and his mother's "dinna do that, Archie,"—"Archie, be quiet, now," were usually quite unheeded.

When Archie was fourteen years of age, and had acquired the best education usual in his station, he was apprenticed to Mr. Newton, and soon afterwards his father died of a few days' illness, during the greater part of which he was unconscious. "Praised be God for the evidences o' my husband's *life*," said his weeping widow; "for he couldna speak till us in *death*. He was a man o' prayer, and a man o' uprightness; and nae doubt, nae doubt he is gane to the land o' uprightness, whar prayer is turned into praise."

Thenceforth Mr. Newton gave the widow her house rent-free; for her husband, he said, had been a faithful servant; and in return, she did every year some knitting for the family. Archie grew up a clever workman, but began to get associates whom his mother did not like.

"Archie, my man, I dinna like that lad," she said one evening when Jackson had "dropt in," to ask if he was not going to the reading-room, and when he had been later than usual in returning. "I dinna like that lad; there's that aboot his face and his een, and the tone o' his vice, that I canna thole."

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"Tout, mother, wi' your physiognomy, ye make mistakes whiles, you know," was Archie's reply.

"It's no frequently I'm mistaen, Archie; and gif that lad's no a scoffer and an evil doer, then I *am* mistaen. Dinna mak friendship wi' him till ye ken him better. Mind ye the 1st Psalm."

"Keep yourself easy, mother," replied her son; but there was some uneasiness in his own mind, for he knew right well that the widow's impression of his new friend was correct; but such was the ascendancy which that new friend had acquired over him, that he was as if spell-bound or mesmerised; he could act only as his director pleased.

"Formerly ye wad bring a book hame, an' read it till your mither, to mak the nichts a wee bit cheery, when your father was gane; but noo I sit my lane, nicht after nicht; and I wadna mind it gif I kent that ye war aye aboot gude, Archie. But I hae a sair misgivin' whiles that ye're no walking in your father's footsteps," said Mrs. Tyndal, with a tear in her eye.

"There's the reading-room, and the lectures, and a discussion among the members now and then; you would not wish to deprive me of all the means of improvement," said Archie.

"Improvement's a fine thing, and knowledge is a fine thing," replied the widow; "but muckle o' the improvement o' thae days is no improvement in godliness; and the knowledge is whiles knowledge o' evil and ignorance o' guid."

"I had better remain an ignorant clown then," said the young man, testily.

"Deed no," said his mother; "I wad hae ye get a' the

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learnin' that's within your reach, my son—a' the knowledge—that true knowledge and holy knowledge; but there's mony a fause licht i' the warld—muckle pheelosophy, fausely sae called. The true leads to God and God's ways; the fause draws aff frae Him."

Archie felt rather impatient of his mother's interference with his pleasures, and annoyed by her shrewd discrimination of character. It was quite true that she was seldom mistaken in the opinion she formed of any one. Knowing nothing of Lavater, she was by nature a physiognomist; and removed as far as possible from a gossip, her powers of observation were remarkably quick and correct.

Next night Archie went out without saying one word to his mother. It was *not* to the Mechanics' Institution: he had an appointment with Jackson.

Jackson was rather below the middle size, thin and dark, with piercing black eyes, and black curled hair. He piqued himself much on his intellectual acquirements; for he had a smattering of various kinds of knowledge, skimming over them as a wasp skims over flowers—buzzing his own importance, and stinging as he flew. Of *wholesome* food, the stock which he had extracted was very small. He had a favourite proverb—"Ridicule is the test of truth;" and his shafts of ridicule were hurled against everything sacred, and every one who bore the character of a religious man. His powers of mimicry were considerable; he loved to mimic "the saints," as he called those who were not ashamed of their religion.

Archie Tyndal I shall not describe; he was considered "a good-looking lad," clever at his work, and a favourite with most people.

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Infidel notions were very prevalent in Norchester. Great numbers of those publications which deride the truth, and minister to depraved human nature, were sold there; the working-men were largely imbued with ultra-Radicalism in politics, and scepticism in religion. What the latter leads to in morals is well known.

Tyndal, Jackson, and a few "fellows of spirit," met on the evening of which we speak, and paraded the streets for a little, talking and smoking. "Let us go to ——," said Jackson.

"Glorious!" replied one of the party: "Super-excellent, if only to spite 'the saints!'" said another; and they took the direction indicated.

Archie was uneasy, but he went with them. In a little, he said, "By the bye, I have an engagement at nine; so, wishing you a merry night, I must be off."

"Ha! ha! ha! he's afraid of his mother," cried one of the young men.

"I'm as little afraid of my mother as you are," said Archie, hotly; "but I tell you I have an engagement."

This was a lie, and the young man felt his cheek dyed red; but its colour was not revealed by the gas light.

"It's an excuse," persisted another.

"I may do as I please in a free country, I suppose," said Archie.

"To be sure," replied Jackson; "only I wish you would please to have some sense, and throw off your antiquated notions. Nobody believes *that book* now but old wives."

"I don't care for the book," said the young man, struggling to drown its voice and that of conscience within him.

"Come now, my good fellow," said Jackson, putting his

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arm within Archie's; "we wont half enjoy this spree if you are not with us. You *know* the engagement is a mere excuse; so come away: don't be a chicken."

He went, as a sheep goes to the slaughter.

"Now," exclaimed one of the young men, "it is too bad to drag him off. I wager a pound his engagement was to walk with Jane Harrison."

"You are mistaken," said Archie.

"She is a fine little lass," said Jackson; "with that flaxen hair in ringlets, the lily and the rose meeting in her face, plump and round, trim and neat, with a tongue and a laugh enough to take any man's heart by storm."

"Wish you good luck, sir," said one of the party.

"Don't be in a hurry to be noosed, though," said Jackson. "Get some enjoyment in life first; a long courting time; *that's* the merry time. But here we are: do you keep your *engagement*, Mr. Tyndal?"

Archie went in to the dance, led in chains by Jackson, to prove his independence of his mother.

Jane Harrison was the daughter of a neighbour, whom we shall soon introduce to our readers. She was a bright-eyed, merry girl of eighteen, and Archie had quite fallen in love with her. She was house-maid to Mrs. Arlington, who "kept a good establishment;" that is, she had plenty of servants, and they had "plenty of their own way," plenty of extravagance, and plenty of "liberty." They had their "Sunday out," when they might go where they pleased from ten in the morning to ten at night, without any questions being asked as to how they had spent their time.

"It is supposed that they go to church at least once,"

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said Mrs. Arlington; "but nobody can answer for what servants do. I never question them; they would only tell lies. It is their *own* affair. How Miss Newton manages to make her servants go to church, and come home immediately after it, I never could comprehend."

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CHAPTER IV.

SCEPTICISM.

"Has matter innate motion, has it thought,
Judgment and genius: has it framed those laws
Which but to guess a Newton made immortal?"

YOUNG.

THE mechanics' library was brightly lighted up with a blazing fire and cheerful gas, and newspapers and magazines were in the hands of decent-looking men, who, cleansed from the dust of the day's toil and invigorated by the evening meal, had come to enjoy an hour's reading. It was Monday evening.

Harrison had sat down by the side of the fire, with his feet on the fender, and a newspaper in his hand; he had first begun to nod, then fallen fast asleep, and finally the paper had dropped from his grasp. As his heavy black head swung to and fro, there was a quiet laugh among the brisker readers, and James Collins remarked in a low tone, "The effect of Sabbath work."

"Did *you* never fall asleep in your chair?" asked Jackson, sneeringly.

"A working man is not so apt to do it when he gets one day in seven of perfect rest," was the reply.

"If he gets his sleep at all, it's little matter *when*," said Jackson."

"If even it be when others are improving their minds?" said Collins.

"That's his own look out; I suppose he may take which he likes best—in a free country," observed Jackson.

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"Why, I think that would be a freer country where a man might take *both*," replied Collins.

"I tell you," said Jackson "it is just the avarice of the upper classes, as they call themselves,—grinding the poorer with toil, toil, endless toil. Let us have our holidays, and feasts, and shows, like France, and we'll be merry and sing like Frenchmen."

"Dance with the monkey one day, fight at the barricade another, and finding yourselves incapable of self-government, worship a despot the third," added a voice from another part of the room.

"Ha! Haggarth, is that you?" cried Jackson, "what set you eaves-dropping in that dark corner, were you studying how to fight the French, or making studies of *us* as the artists say?"

"I was studying *you* transformed into a Frenchman, dancing with a poodle," replied Haggarth.

A general laugh broke forth, so hearty that Jackson could not forbear to join in it; and Harrison opened his eyes, stretched out his arms, and yawned aloud, to the increased amusement of the party.

"Harrison, my good fellow, you should be brisker after your benevolent labours," said Haggarth.

"Eh? what do you mean?" he asked with another yawn.

"Self-sacrifice for the good of others ought to make a man cheery," said Haggarth.

"I leave sacrifice to the saints, and would like to understand you," said Harrison.

"You worked yesterday when I rested," replied Haggarth, "you had to sleep just now when I was reading, you made

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those sacrifices that the public might get a good Sunday's jaunt."

"Marry, the sacrifice was none o' my making," said Harrision, bitterly. "They might go to the moon for their Sunday jaunts, if *I* could help myself."

"And Jackson would volunteer to guide the balloon," said Haggarth.

"To be sure if there was fun to be had," replied Jackson.

"But since you cannot travel in balloons, railway men *must* work whenever railway passengers travel, so you must be *content* to suffer for the public good, Harrison.

"'What cannot be cured
Must be endured.'"

said the latter, shrugging his shoulders.

"It *can* be cured, and should *not* be endured in a free country," said Haggarth.

"Eh? would you have a revolution?"

"Yes; by constitutional means. Such a revolution as would for ever deprive some men of the power to rob others of the day of rest to increase their own gains."

"And how do you propose to do that?"

"Just by having the law of the land enforced, and the constitution of the country adhered to."

"Who is breaking the law, I wonder?" asked Jackson.

"Those who extract work on Sundays from their servants."

"I see what you are driving at; but I tell you the age is far too enlightened for puritanism. There's not another country on the face of the earth where a man may not do what he pleases on Sundays. Depend upon it we'll be as free as France soon," said Jackson, energetically.

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"And Italy!" added Collins.

"Italy has freedom on Sundays that you saints would deprive us of," replied Jackson.

"So has Spain, so has Austria, so has Russia," said Haggarth.

"To be sure—why should England not?"

"Which of them would you exchange England for?" asked Collins.

"None of them politically of course."

"Which of them morally?"

"Why none of them drink as we do?"

"Yet with all our drunkenness," said Haggarth, "we have not a tithe of the murders and other crimes that infest the continent."

"But what has that to do with Sunday amusements?"

"A great deal. The Sunday influences the week. As a country is religiously, so it is politically, and morally. All the Sabbath-breaking countries are incapable of political self-government, and full of moral abominations," said Haggarth with emphasis. "A wise *despot* is a blessing to France."

"But do you pretend to say," asked Archie Tyndal, "that the want of a puritan Sunday is the cause of continental slavery and crime?"

"Look around you, and you will see that they always go together," replied Haggarth. "You, born of Scotch parents, ought to know that."

"But where's the connection!" inquired Jackson.

"The Sabbath gives time for sober thought. The man who, after working for his bread all the week, amuses himself all the Sabbath, has no habit of reflection, and is either

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a drudge or an ape. Then that he may get Sabbath day's amusement, many must toil that day; and *they* become debased—mere machines."

"But going to church and reading the old Bible will never make a man free," said Jackson. "It will put the chains of a bigot upon him."

"Bear in mind that the most church-going and Bible-reading nation in the world is the freest," said Haggarth. It is quite natural that the man who has one day in the week to think undisturbedly, should be a better reasoner than he whose whole time is spent between labour and amusement."

"And," added Collins, "quite natural that the man who devotes one day in the week to religious duties, should be more religious and moral than he who never attends to such matters."

"I would have men's minds enlightened by the beauties of nature and the wonders of art. That would civilize them better than sermons," said Jackson.

"The thing has been on trial ever since the creation, and it has failed," said Haggarth.

"How?"

"The South Sea Islanders and the North American Indians have had the beauties of nature open to them all the days of the week: they should be vastly more civilized than our dusty mechanics."

"But you don't pretend that they had wonders of art and science to consult;—reading-rooms and polytechnics, pictures and statuary—the works of the mighty dead, to refine their minds."

"They *have* in Rome and Athens. Italy and Greece have

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long had both nature and art in perfection. Come, my good fellow, pack up your goods and be off to the Pope's or King Bomba's dominions. You will get shows, and spectacles, and beauty of every kind. The free, moral, noble fellows yonder live in the very air of the 'mighty dead.'"

"But *slaves* cannot be benefited by the highest privileges of that kind," said Jackson.

"What makes them slaves? He is the freeman whom the *truth* makes free, and all are slaves besides," said Haggarth. "What were England and Scotland till they got the Protestant religion? Just as bad as other countries are without it. Ireland was once free, and learned, and prosperous; but that was when *she* had religion also. Popery with its feasts and festivals and *no* Sabbath, when *it* got hold of her, made her as nearly like Italy as she could be under Protestant laws."

"Then, I suppose all the good in the world is the effect of the Protestant Religion and the Puritan Sunday," said Jackson," with a contemptuous laugh.

"All the good in the world just flows from the Bible," said Haggarth. "The nearer a country approaches to the practice enjoined by the word of God, the freer, the happier, the more prosperous it is. The history of all the nations of the earth proves this."

"A wonderful book truly, my good fellow."

"It *is* a wonderful book, Jackson. No human being could have composed such a one. If you would study it, you would find in it the most enlightened principles of government, and the best rules for individual happiness."

"Also the truest history of the creation of the world by its Creator," added the scoffer, sneeringly.

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"Yes," said Haggarth, quietly.

"Quite in keeping with geological science, I presume," said Jackson.

"Yes."

"You saints will assert anything."

"Anything that is true."

"Such as the first chapter of Genesis—the world made in six days, in the face of proof to the contrary."

"What do you understand by the word day?"

"Twenty-four hours, of course."

"How were they measured before the sun was made?"

"I may ask *you* that!"

"Where was the light before the sun?"

"Why, that's just one of the Bible inconsistencies."

"Rather one of the proofs that you know little of the meaning of Bible terms, and less of the processes of creation."

"I suppose you want to mystify me by pretending that the words have not the simple meaning of the English language; and, if so, I don't know the use of your Bible."

"The Bible is intended," said Haggarth, gravely, "to teach chiefly religion, and morality flowing from religion. In all such matters its language is simple and easily understood. But not being intended to teach science, it is sometimes obscure on *that* subject."

One of the town missionaries had come in during this conversation. He had listened silently so far, but now he joined in it, adding, "And yet a single contradiction of *ascertained* scientific fact has never been found in the Bible, notwithstanding the frequent boasts of infidels."

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"I have just been talking about a contradiction," said Jackson.

"Based only upon assumptions, however," replied the missionary.

"What assumptions?"

"First, that the 'day' of creation means twenty-four hours, such as is caused by the revolution of the earth round its axis; whereas, if the first day were before the sun was made, the planetary movements could not have been established. What is termed a *day*, may have been a long period, during which the elements were in confusion, and particles of similar kinds were being attracted to one another."

"What is the use of words if they can be so twisted?" inquired Jackson.

"Why, we twist them, as you call it, constantly," replied the missionary. "Every body does so. We speak of a thing happening 'in our day.' You would not consider *that* the identical day of the month on which it is spoken."

"No, certainly."

"Just our time, or age, or period. But there are several hypotheses, each of which nullifies the idea of contradiction."

"Hypothesis is not fact."

"No; but any hypothesis accordant with geological facts, and equally accordant with the Mosaic record of creation, proves that there is not necessarily any discrepancy between them,—that they may be reconciled by more extended knowledge."

"Well, what is *your* hypothesis?"

"I am not sure that I have adopted one; but as my

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object is simply to prove that there is not necessarily any contradiction, I shall mention some. Moses says, 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,'—the *matter* of the world. But it was in a state of chaos, and how long it remained so he does not inform us."

"May be it was *nebulous* then," said Haggarth.

"And yet," replied the missionary, "Lord Rosse's monster telescope has resolved into proper stars so many of the fancied nebulæ, that we may fairly question whether such a thing exists at all as this fluid, which was once expected to work such wonders for sceptics."

"If it *should* exist," persisted Haggarth, "it is no gain to them. The stars have still to be *made* out of it by distinct processes."

"We'll talk about that after; let us have the *days* now," said Jackson.

"Well; a day may indicate a period of indefinite length, as 'our day;' or it may be really twenty-four hours, during which each separate work was performed, and then left in that state for a long period. It is not said that the 'days' of creation succeeded each other immediately."

"Ah!" said Haggarth, "I never thought of that solution of the difficulty."

"Put it in this way," continued Mr. Cargill. "The matter of the earth having been called out of nothing, was in a chaotic state. In one day God produced light, or rather said, 'Let there be light;' and light shone through the vapours;—there was day and night—the first day of *creation*. Who can tell how long a pause there was after this, until God resumed his work,—his second day of work, —and separated the lighter from the denser fluids; the

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waters above the firmament from those beneath. Although this was the second *creating* day, it was not necessarily the second of the world's existence. Another pause, and then a third day saw produced 'the grasses and seed-bearing trees.'"

"Ah!" cried Jackson, "now for it; the sun created after the trees—to roll round its centre, the earth, I suppose?"

"That difficulty may also be explained," replied the missionary calmly. "All this while, dense vapours may have prevented the sun and other heavenly bodies, though formed long ago, from being visible from the surface of the earth, although the light shone through them; but now those vapours were cleared away, and the heavenly bodies *appeared*,—the sun to rule the day and the moon to rule the night; or, in the language of the Bible, God *made* them rule the night and the day visibly; so that from the surface of the earth, they appeared as if newly 'set' in the firmament, and newly appointed to give light on the earth. This occupied the fourth day of creation work."*

"Then I suppose that, after the fifth day of creation, there may have been a thousand years, or *any* length of time, in which the great sea monsters and winged fowls were the only inhabitants of the earth," said Haggarth.

"On this hypothesis there may," replied the missionary; "and this certainly agrees with geological appearances. First, the period of monsters, fishes, and reptiles; next that of our present animals; and, lastly, that of man. Then came the day on which the Almighty rested from creating-work, and which He hallowed as the Sabbath."

"Then, perhaps, the present may still be the period of

* The worship of the heavenly bodies being the primeval form of idolatry, the great object of this verse seems to be the declaration that "God made them"—that they are not gods but creatures.

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rest from creating,—we may be living in God's Sabbath," said Haggarth.

"And thus," said the missionary, "the geologic and Mosaic records *may* be reconciled. But another theory is that of Drs. Chalmers and Buckland,—that the *creation* of the heavens and the earth was separated from the formation of the present state of the earth by an immense interval, during which the races of plants and animals existed which geology discloses; that this period was terminated by some tremendous catastrophe, after which commenced the six days' work described by Moses."

"In which case the Sabbath would be not merely a seventh portion of time, but a literal day," said Haggarth.

"Yes," replied the missionary. "We can conceive of a disturbed state of the earth, in which light could not penetrate its vapours, and waters covered its surface, and neither sun, nor moon, nor stars appeared, being produced by some terrific agency, such as fire or water, or a comet, and then all the disturbed elements reduced to order and beauty, in the manner described by Moses; new races of plants and animals created, and man formed to be governor of all."

"None of those theories could be satisfactory to a truly scientific mind," said Jackson, who had a few times poked for an hour or two in a quarry, or among rocks, with a hammer in his hand, and a leather bag on his back; and therefore thought himself qualified to pronounce judgment upon the structure of the earth."

"They have been satisfactory to men greatly more scientific than you or me," replied Mr. Cargill. "But geologists generally seem to take it for granted that in all past ages nature proceeded at the same pace at which she moves now, whereas violent causes may, in the olden time,

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have suddenly produced effects which are now slowly developed. And, moreover, they also take it for granted, that because human bones are not found in the same strata with the huge saurian, or the megatherium, that, therefore, men did not exist contemporaneously with them on any part of the earth. Now, until all the bottom of the ocean, and all the caves of the earth have been searched, they are not entitled to say this. Man could scarcely exist in the same *region* with monsters, and storms, and earthquakes; but he might exist at the same *time* in a different locality, where his remains have not yet been discovered, and whence his children did not reach the lands of the geologist until they too had become fit for human habitation."

"Then you would have it that we know nothing at all about the matter," said Jackson.

"Geology is an *imperfect science*," replied Mr. Cargill. "New facts are constantly coming to light. Our theories of to-day may be contradicted by the facts of to-morrow. But none of its facts contradict the Bible."

"There are indubitable proofs of *development*," said Jackson.

"When you bring me *one proof* of the development of one plant into another, or one animal into another, I will confess the Bible account to be incorrect," said the missionary. "If there ever *were* such a process, surely it is not stopped now. There are monkeys still, why are they not all growing into men? There is sea-weed still, why is it not growing into land plants? Take the *experience* argument,—all our experience is against development."

"Ah! you once adopted the old story, that we ought to believe nothing but what we know from experience, Jack-

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son. You would not credit a miracle because you never saw one," said Haggarth.

Jackson laughed satirically. He had no reply for once.

"Well, then, no man of the present generation has any experience of the process called development, nor is there a record of any such thing in former ages. Monkeys dwelt of old where monkeys dwell still; sea-weed grew in the sea, and land plants on the land; animals of low organization existed together with those most exquisitely framed, as far as we can gather, ever since man came upon the earth, and the present state of things was *created*," said the missionary.

"I think," observed Haggarth, "it is quite against all experience that men should suffer and die as the first Christians did, to prove the truth of miracles which were never wrought."

"They might be honestly mistaken," said Tyndal.

"No," replied the missionary; "they asserted that they had *witnessed* them. 'We speak the things we have *heard* and *seen*,' was their testimony."

"Well; the author of 'The Vestiges of Creation,'" said Jackson.

"'The Vestiges!' A man of your depth ought to be ashamed to quote such a piece of miserable shallowness," said Mr. Cargill.

"Shallowness!"

"Poor fellow! His *science* is torn limb from limb by this time;—for instance, in Hugh Miller's 'Footprints of the Creator.' Have you read that?"*

"No."

"Do so, and you will not quote the 'Vestiges' again."

* This chapter was in *proof* before the lamented death of this eminent geologist and the publication of his last noble work.

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"Stop!" cried Haggarth, "here's an instance of 'Development' for you. The manx cats have no tails; they are progressing towards the human shape."

"That is a sneer at my poor baldrons now," said Harrison; "but three of her kittens have had very respectable tails."

"The stupid animal is proving the wrong side of the question," said Haggarth.

"Like some of Hugh Miller's still more stupid fossils," added the missionary, "proving *degradation* instead of progression."

"Or like Lord Rosse's great telescope," said Haggarth, "proving nebulæ to be stars."

James Collins now inquired, "Are there not in the Bible notices of scientific truths written long before philosophers discovered them."

"Yes," replied the missionary, "at a period when scarcely anything but inspiration could have dictated them. For instance, Job declares that God 'hangeth the earth upon nothing,' while the Easterns believed a very different theory."

"The discovery of Nineveh wonderfully confirms Scripture history," observed Haggarth.

"It does," replied the missionary. "To meet the wants of this age of scepticism, evidences of the truth of revelation *in all* its parts are multiplying on every side. Miracles, prophecy, history, even science, are leaving unbelief without excuse."

"I think," said a young man, William Masterton, "all religions are much alike, if a man be sincere in what he believes."

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"Am I right in supposing you to be a dyer?" asked the missionary.

"Yes, Mr. Cargill; what of that?"

"Imagine that you sincerely believe that indigo will dye a piece of cloth scarlet; and being ordered to make it scarlet, prepare a vat with indigo, will you satisfy your employer?"

"Certainly not; but that is action, work, not belief."

"All action is the result of belief; as we believe, so we do. You put vermillion with one piece of cloth, because you *believe* that it will make it red; and indigo or Prussian blue with another, because you *believe* that *that* will make it blue. A mistake in belief is sure to lead to a mistake in practice."

"In those everyday affairs; but really as to religion, it is no matter."

"Religion concerns God, and the soul, and eternity. Are these of less consequence than dyeing cloth?"

"I dye cloth to get my living, not for the sake of dyeing."

"And we mind religion for the sake, not of a perishing life, but for that of an eternal one. We may afford to make a mistake in the one, but we cannot afford a mistake in the other. If we lose our souls, all is lost."

"But surely God will accept sincerity."

"Where has he said so?"

"It is but natural to think so."

"Sincerely believing that you are dyeing scarlet with indigo, surely your employer would accept blue cloth for red."

"Oh! I could have no excuse for so absurd a belief, because the means of knowing were in my power."

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"The means of knowledge, of *certainty*, in religion, are in your power; and, believe me, it is quite as possible to know the truth in it as in your temporal business. God has made every provision for your ascertaining the authenticity of his Holy Word, and it contains the infallible rules both of belief and practice."

"But our friend Jackson there does not believe it at all."

"Many others *do* believe it," said Haggarth; "why copy unbelief rather than belief?"

"I see clearly," said the missionary, "that our friend Jackson has studied only one side of the question; he *likes* the sceptical side."

"If I do," retorted Jackson, "I suppose you *like* the other."

"I do indeed," replied the missionary. "I *love* the other. I *love* the word of God. It has *external* evidence enough to convince any impartial man; but the *internal* evidence comes home to my heart. I find in it all that I want as a rational and immortal creature, a creature searching for happiness. Study it, my good fellows, and you will soon believe it, every word."

"Is this place licenced for preaching," asked Jackson, taking up his hat. "Come away, Archie, you and I will have a pipe, the saints can have a sermon."

Not quite contentedly, Archie Tyndal rose and followed him. The scoffer had obtained complete ascendancy over the widow's son.

"That fellow will be that young man's ruin," said Haggarth to the missionary.

"I wish they may have nothing stronger than smoke," replied the latter.

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Archie Tyndal had listened to this discussion silently and uncomfortably. He was, in fact, hovering over the meshes of infidelity. Not that he had discovered any real reason for *believing* the Bible to be untrue, only a strong one for *wishing* it to be so. He had begun to love those practices which it condemns, and was therefore very desirous of throwing off its authority. But it haunted him like a spectre; and he could not but acknowledge in his heart, that in the argument of this evening, his friend Jackson had had the worst. Had he been left alone he would have gone home moodily and miserably; but Jackson took the true method of preventing him from *thinking*. He led him to the haunts of dissipation.

It was past midnight when he returned home. His step and hand were unsteady, and he stammered an unsatisfactory excuse to his mother. He went to his work next morning with a headache. Haggarth, who was foreman of the builders, observed that he was slow and careless, and he took care to let him see that he was observed.

"Archie Tyndal," he said, "evil communications corrupt good manners; take care of a man that scoffs at the Bible. Beware of getting bad habits; the master keeps no man who drinks, you know."

"You don't say I drink?" asked Archie.

"I hope I shall never have to say it," replied the foreman.

Jackson was exasperated by his dispute. He fancied himself quite a philosopher; and, when foiled in argument, he was full of rage at his discomfiture. He was not seeking *truth;* he was only seeking to establish himself in error, and to draw others into it,—to quell his secret misgivings, and to have company in his downward career.

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CHAPTER V.

SUNSHINE.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a blessed thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

THE sunshine of a spring evening is a lovely thing in the country, when young grass and young flowers, and singing birds and blue skies, remind one of paradise. How beautiful are the lights with which it brightens up tree and water and mountain-side; how soft the shadows which it throws aslant upon the grass! Who can live out of the country in spring?

Not quite so fast, gentle reader, there is poetry even in the town in spring; not in some rural or half rural suburb merely, but in the very heart and midst of the noisy, smoky, dusty town. There is a girl sitting at work in a bare attic, and the sunshine glances on the wall beside her, sending a thrill of joy through her solitary heart; she pushes aside her sewing for a minute, opens the skylight, and looks up at the little bit of bright blue sky and thin fleecy cloud within her sphere of vision, and drinks in one long draught of the pure soft air; and she is better for it, both mentally and bodily. The shop youth, in an interval of leisure, gazes out into the street, where the windows are shining, and the flags are clean and white, and the tempting wares are glistening in the brightness, and the gay dresses of May are passing, and he does not know why he becomes so light-hearted. When a lady drops in, he thinks she can want to purchase nothing but flowers, so his hand is upon the box

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of rosebuds and lily of the valley almost before she speaks. The very books in the lawyer's office have assumed a picturesque effect, as some are standing out in relievo, some retreating in chiaro-oscuro.

But in neat little Greencourt there is unmistakeable beauty. The withered grass (which, to tell the truth, does not grow remarkably well) has put on a dress of true green, and a few daisies are popping out their white heads in the midst of it. Alie planted, two months ago, a bunch of primroses in it, but she has looked for them in vain; however the daisies are very pretty. The three old trees are not in leaf yet: but they have large swelling buds, and the branches are beautiful against the sky. The sun is shining right into the room; there is a rose upon the rose-tree; the polished leaves of the myrtle are glittering; and the soft leaves of the geranium are quite fragrant. The whole room looks so cheerful; what a pleasant thing that sunshine is! What a pleasant season is spring!

Hark! the bells of St. Barnabas have struck up a peal; they seem near and far off, and near again; the very old church is in a merry mood.

Alie has drawn the white deal table along, so that it projects over only half of the window, and has set the tea-tray, with her shining cups and bright brown tea-pot at the end, so that James may sit close to the open window, and she just opposite to it, at the evening meal, which she takes care to have ready when he comes from work. All *her* work is done; therefore, as soon as he is washed, and has put off his dusty jacket and shoes, she can sit down with him, and pour out his tea, nicely infused, and hand him the crisp brown toast. Alie is a good baker; her bread is never

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heavy, nor over-baked with tough crusts to be wasted; and when she makes a flat cake to be eaten hot, she does not butter it till it swims; she knows that if nicely crisp, a little bit of butter is enough. She knows, also, that dry toast costs no more than plain bread, and that the husband who works for her bread as well as his own, has a right to those small delicacies which a very little trouble can procure for him, and to the neatness and order which make all agreeable.

Alie has on a plain white cap, a pretty dark cotton gown, and an apron as white as the driven snow. James would be ashamed to sit down with her with the lime and brick-dust of his work upon him; so he is always cleaned for tea. This promotes his health, and enables him to take up a book or newspaper without soiling it; and, moreover, he can sit in the cushioned arm-chair which his wife has set for him, without making it dim and dusty.

The blessing is asked, and the tea poured out, and a cheerful chatter begun. And now, good reader, if you look through all the cottages, and halls, and palaces of the land, you will not see a happier couple than James and Alie.

There was a rap at the kitchen door. Alie rose to open it, and Harry Harrison, the inmate of the opposite room, stood before it. "Come in, Harry," she said. He hesitated. "You are at tea," he replied.

"Never mind that; come and take a cup."

"I'll just step in a minute, but I won't partake; my own tea will be ready some time, I suppose."

He glanced at the bright tea things, and the clean figures, and the clear window with its plants, as he spoke; and then exclaimed, half bitterly, half kindly, "Why you

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are my lady and my gentleman, in truth, sitting like any nobles of the land."

James laughed. "Then you *will* sit down with us, Harry; you *shall not* go without a cup, I can tell you."

He rose and set a chair for his guest; but it was not the cushioned chair, for Harry was not cleaned. "Take some toast, Harry; my wife makes it capitally."

"Thank you; it's a treat. My mistress has no time to make toast. But I'll take only one cup, for she has ham and eggs to fry, seeing she gave me nothing but bread and cheese for dinner; and to tell the truth, I'm ravenous."

James and Alie looked at each other. This was a specimen of Peggy's management.

"You don't say that this room is the same as mine," observed Harrison.

"It's a bit smaller," replied James; I looked at both when they were empty; but I did not need the addition at the back of yours."

"I dont see much use in it except to hold lumber," said Harrison. "It's so small that the two bairns can hardly creep into their bed. It must be just the want of the children that keeps your house in such order."

"It's the sunshine, man; nothing can look ill such an evening as this. We are lucky fellows, Harrison, to get a *Greencourt* in the very midst of the town.

"Not just *the midst*. I defy it to be *green* if it entered from Dean Bank."

"May be not; but we are lucky to have it. There's something in the sight of a daisy makes me a boy again."

"I don't see why the rich should monopolise the very breath of heaven and the grass of the field. They might

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leave the air at least free to them who toil for their luxuries," said Harrison, bitterly.

"My good fellow, put your head out of the window, and you'll get as fine air as you can wish; and I declare the sunshine is making you quite glorious," cried James.

"It's blinding me, at any rate," murmured Harrison, drawing away his chair.

"Then you are only getting *too much of a good thing.* Never say again that the rich have got it all," said James.

"They would if they could," was the reply.

"Some of them work right hard for our comfort and welfare. Look at Lord ——," said James.

"Lord ——, a sham! Nothing but cant, and to make himself a name. Why he would shut us all up on the Sunday; keep us out of the museum and deny us even the country. Is *that* working for our good?"

"I rather think he would *give* you the Sunday. How much of it do *you* get, Harry?"

"Confounded little. Those niggardly directors won't put on a sufficient number of men to change us. I have to go with the trains back and forward the whole day. But that is another piece of the oppression of the rich. Let them put on more men and all would be fair."

"Lord —— would give you the *whole* day for yourself and for God," said James.

"And keep us out of all our amusements and improvements."

"He would have the rich give us *other* time for that. *You* will never get the Sunday *for anything*, unless railways be stopped on that day. The poor creatures about places of amusement will get none at all if they be opened."

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"Pshaw! it needs only management."

"Such as will never be, if left to those who only want to make money. Our Creator has managed best. If *his* laws be minded, the poor man will always have one day in seven."

There was a loud knock at the door, and then an unruly urchin burst in. "Father," he cried, "mother says you're spoiling all the ham and eggs; come and get your tea."

The boy stood open-mouthed, gazing at the little party, and Harrison rose to depart.

"Thank you for your good cup o' tea, mistress; and thank ye for your lecture, master," he said; "and may ye always keep as content as you are."

"Greatly obliged, Harry; its a good wish," replied James.

"I wonder if it is all his wife's bad management makes Harry such a grumbler!" said Alie, when he was gone. "He is constantly railing at the rich. They never did you or me any harm, James. I am sure Miss Newton is as loveable as any working woman, or more."

"I think when men do not keep God's laws, they are never satisfied with God's appointments," was her husband's reply.

His wages are a third more than yours, and yet both he and Peggy are always discontented and uncomfortable," said Alie. "But it is no wonder, there is terrible waste in that house."

"And terrible sluttery. No nice orderly tea-table and clean kitchen, like your's, Alie," said James. "I'd deserve my head in my hands if *I* grumbled at the rich. I envy them nothing, save a jaunt to the country now and then, maybe."

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"The master will not object to your getting a day for a jaunt when work is slack," said Alie.

"If you won't call it extravagance, Alie; but you must go too. However, there is a whisper about a Saturday half-holiday; for Mr. George was at a public meeting about the Sabbath, where he said that masters ought to remove the temptation which men were under to take the Lord's day for amusement, by paying them at twelve on Saturday, and giving them the rest of the day free. It is thought he means to set the example."

"Capital!" exclaimed Alie. "That *will* be a good thing."

"If that be so, when the days are long, we can get to Barmouth of an afternoon, and have a breath of sea air, or a dip; and on winter afternoons we'll have a famous reading match."

On the third evening after this, Mrs. Harrison looked in at the door. "Mrs. Collins," she inquired, "are you going to the market to-night?"

"No," replied Alie; "I never go on Saturday night."

"Goodness! How do you manage?"

"We always keep a few shillings before hand, so that although *our* pay hour is four o'clock, we need not go even after that."

"But Sunday's dinner!"

"I make a pie, or cook a bit of meat on Saturday, and have it hot then, and cold on Sabbath, so that I need not cook on that day."

"So that's the way you get to church like a lady!"

"I do nothing on Sabbath that I can avoid—we enjoy the day of rest. It's our happiest day," said Alie.

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"A fine lady life you have," said Mrs. Harrison.

"Shopping on Saturday nights keeps poor shopmen up late; then on Sabbath morning they can do nothing but lie in bed—those who do not open on Sundays," observed Alie.

"But when everybody does it, one more makes no difference."

"Everybody is made up of *ones*," said Alie.

"Well, it's fine," replied Mrs. Harrison.

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CHAPTER VI.

THE RACE-SUNDAY.

"Mortals whose pleasures are their only care,
First wish to be imposed on and then are;
And lest the fulsome artifice should fail,
Themselves will hide its coarseness with a veil."

COWPER.

WHAT is the Race-Sunday?

It is the day before the commencement of the races. All the arrangements for that amusement have been made; the ground prepared; booths and stalls erected; eatables and drinkables put therein; and expectation is at its height.

The race-course is on a moor, within view of the northern entrance to the town. The country being flat, the principal objects in sight are the wide green common; a few windmills; some suburban villas, scantily shaded by trees; the great northern road, with its broad, cinderlaid footpath; a row of houses stretching along, and separated from it by trim little gardens; and the huge black, smoke-canopied town.

The air on the moor is excellent, and therefore it is the favourite promenade of the gentry during the week, and of the canaille on Sundays. On the Race-Sunday it is thronged to excess; and is the scene of riot and debauchery.

French people may go to parks and promenades on Sunday, and retain their sobriety; but the English and Scotch cannot do it. Wherever they are congregated for amusement —the lower classes I mean—there they must drink and riot; and they *will* do so until the fear of God be more prevalent

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among them. *That* is the only remedy for their love of intemperance. Sight-seeing exhausts them; they must drink to recruit themselves; if you forbid the sale of spirits at their places of amusement, they will procure them when they leave it, or carry them in their pockets, or go to public houses on their way home.

It was a magnificent morning in June; there was not a cloud on the sky as it gleamed blue over roof and chimney-top and church-spire; nor to hide the sun, which poured a flood of light on the bright windows of Norham Place, and the closed shutters of Richmond Street. The streets were dry and dusty; a dog rolled in the dust here, another trotted on with important look there; a few Sabbath scholars, Bible in hand, with shining faces and best clothes, walked demurely along; a woman or two carried water from the public well, and a few stragglers were seen on the streets; but the town as yet was quiet; the religious were at their pleasant morning duties at home, or teaching in the Sabbath school; the careless had scarcely left their dormitories, or at most were not risen from the breakfast-table. But Archie Tyndal had promised to meet Jane Harrison at a quarter-past ten; and he was punctually at the corner of the street at that time, dressed in the best of a working-man's attire,—a blue coat, drab trousers and vest, and a silver chain across the latter.

He waited a quarter of an hour before Jane appeared, blooming as the flowers of June, with pink ribbons on her bonnet, and pink flowers under it, a white shawl and light muslin gown.

"Dear me!" she said, with a coquettish air, "are you there already?"

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Archie held out his watch: "Quarter of an hour behind your promise, Jane," he said.

"Oh!" I dare say you enjoyed your walk far more without me; but it is over soon for the moor; we had better go and see mother."

"Let us walk up Morland Street first," said Archie; for he knew that by going at this time to see Jane's mother he would probably meet his own going to the Presbyterian church, which assembled at half-past ten.

Jane took his offered arm, and they sauntered up Morland Street and through the square, until the bells began to ring for church, and the streets swarmed with gaily dressed ladies, and a much smaller proportion of gentlemen, on their way to church; and carriages rolled along the lately quiet streets, filled chiefly with ladies and children.

Where were the gentlemen? Some were on horseback, riding away to the country; some were in their counting-houses; some yawning over a newspaper at home, or stretched on a sofa at the club. A few indeed sauntered to St. Barnabas, to hear the service intoned, or to ogle the pretty girls with opera-glasses; but nowhere did they nearly equal the number of females, except in the stream that flowed towards St. Jude's, where the manly eloquence of an evangelical preacher attracted those who knew and valued the truth; and on the way to one of the Presbyterian churches, where such of the Scottish residents resorted as had not left their religion with their country.

The worshippers, if worshippers they may be called, of the Puseyite and cold moderate churches were chiefly ladies.

When the church-going crowds had disappeared, and the bells had ceased their sweet music, Archie and Jane pro-

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ceeded to Mrs. Harrison's. They found her with her night-cap on,—the remains of breakfast on the table,—the beds unmade,—the youngest boy half-naked, and a bowl of water ready to wash up the tea-things.

"You get fine and soon out, my woman," she said to Jane. "Father needs his breakfast before the train starts, and then the bairns want theirs, and I like a bit sleep on Sunday mornings, so ye have found me in a mess."

Father will be home at tea-time, mother; we'll come to tea at five if you will make us a knead-cake," said Jane.

"That I will," replied her mother, "if this rascal, pointing to the half-naked boy, can be trusted to fetch me in some currants; he shall have no cake if he does not, that's all."

"But I *will* fetch them, mother," said the boy.

"I'll bring you home, Jane, to your tea," said Archie, "in good time."

"And you'll come too?" said Mrs. Harrison.

"Am sorry I cannot," replied the lad; for he dreaded his mother's eye if he drank tea so near her among godless people on the Sabbath-day. She might come in and lecture them, and put him to shame, he thought.

"If you won't come to tea I won't walk with you," said Jane, pouting.

"You will not be so unreasonable, Jane; you cannot tell how sorry I am; but we'll be all day together."

"But *why* cannot you come?"

"I'll take it kind of you not to ask me, Jane. I am *really* sorry."

"I suppose we must believe you. You have, may be, somebody else to drink tea with."

"I'll drink tea nowhere unless it be with my mother."

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"Oh, aye! she would think it a sin; we have it now," said Jane, tossing her head.

Archie bit his lip, and his cheek coloured; he was ashamed of his mother's religion.

About twelve o'clock crowds began to pour up to the race-course. There was no lack of men *there*. The train had come in from Barmouth, bringing shoals from the sea-coast to mingle with the town's people. Sturdy mechanics, with wives or sweethearts hanging on their arms in all the pomp of Sunday finery; spruce shop lads, and trim apprentices, sometimes three or four abreast, sometimes with a girl on each arm; laughing, talking, whistling, smoking; finishing obscene jests with shouts of rude laughter; strings of wild-looking boys; little girls dragging by their mother's gowns, women with baskets of cake and fruit, men with candy; pitmen, carters, policemen,—but I must stop, or my list will be as long as the stream that poured its contents, bright and foul, merry and dogged, up the streets and along the road to the race-course.

All the world,—I had nearly said the lower world was there. The irreligious of the *plebeian* world, I meant. And when I use the word plebeian, do not suppose that it is in disdain. All honour to the "people,"—the intelligent, honest, honourable among the people. They are the strength of the nation. It is only low habits, low vices, a debased morality that can render the lower classes unworthy of esteem. Sabbath profanation always does it. Wherever there is no Sabbath, society has no *base* that it can rest upon. Its lower ranks are demoralized. I might say its upper ranks too, but it is not with them we have to do at present.

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To survey the race-course was the ostensible business of the day. While walking on it Jane and Archie met Jackson with two or three companions. They were smoking, and had just parted from a group of young women, whose pert voices and loud laughter rang among the crowd.

"Hey, Tyndal! has the governor given you leave," cried Jackson. "Glad to see the spirit you have got, lad. If an old lady wanted to keep *me* from a walk on a Sunday, I'd see her up the chimney, I would."

"You need not jibe a body with what has not happened," said Jane.

"Thanks to your bright eyes for drawing him out of leading strings," replied Jackson. "But come let us see if he'll venture into a tent. Come and have a glass, Mr. Tyndal?"

Had it not been for the taunt about the leading strings, Archie would have greatly preferred walking with Jane to sitting in a drinking booth; but he thought he must show his manhood. "Well, Jane," he said, "come away, we'll find something in the way of fruit or cake for you."

"Is there any women there?" asked Jane timidly, as they drew her toward the tent.

"Plenty," replied Jackson, looking in.

Spirits were called for, cakes and fruit; and the party proceeded to make merry.

I shall not record their conversation. It ran very much on the merits of the horses, the bets known to be taken upon them, the number of cups gained by different country gentlemen, the names of the jockeys, &c., interspersed by sneers at the "saints," which Jackson ingeniously dragged into all his conversations. One might have supposed that

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the persons so denominated had done him some grievous injury, so bitter and malignant was his hatred of them.

Reader, what do you suppose was the reason of this malignity? He had secret misgivings of heart about his own principles,—a secret suspicion that those "saints" might be right after all. He hated, abhorred the idea, for if they were right, then was he most fearfully wrong; and he hated and abhorred the men who caused his suspicion. He wished to convince others, and to convince himself, that their opinions were of no weight. He succeeded in venting his malignity, but never in satisfying his reason.

"A fight! a fight!" "At him Charlie!" "Stand to it Paddy!" "That's it my hearty!" "Floor him!" "Do him!" "A shilling on Charlie!" "Half-a-crown on Paddy!" "Go it, like a man!" Such were the sounds that startled the merry-makers in the tent, and sent them all rushing outside, where two half drunken Irishmen were battering each other. The wife of one of them had seized her husband's coat tail to drag him from the lists, and a policeman approaching was proceeding to collar the other, when a blow from his opponent levelled the officer in the dust, and the Irishmen continued their affray until "Charlie" dropped senseless on the ground.

"Murther! he's kilt; the life's clane out o' him; ye've bate him to death, ye graceless gorsoon! By the Virgin I'll—" screamed Charlie's wife, flying at the conqueror, and fastening her grasp upon his hair, which she tore with both hands.

"Ye great red dragon, if ye were not a woman I'd bate you like any other man," roared the victor, striving in vain

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to free himself from the fury, while the crowd stood round shouting, and laughing, and applauding.

But suddenly relaxing her grasp, the woman left her enemy, and sprang towards her insensible husband, whose face they were bathing with water, and with a wild cry she threw her arms around him. "He's kilt! he's kilt! and he as nate a boy as iver kneeled at a praste's knee; he's kilt, an' niver a word o' the praste, niver a dhrop ov oil, machree! Is there niver a Christian here 'ill give him a dhrop o' whisky to bring the life back till the blessed praste comes?"

She gazed round with a wild agonizing look, and a man ran for spirits to a tent. They were mixed with water and poured into the mouth of the poor creature, but there was no effort to swallow; they carried him home, and his brutal assailant was taken into custody.

Jane Harrison turned sick at the sight; the young men took her into the tent again, gave her some brandy to revive her, and took some themselves for company.

"We have been long enough here," she said when she felt better; "I would rather be walking."

"And so would I, Jane," said Archie.

"Oh, we will all go," added the rest; and they set out on a walk farther up the moor.

They accompanied Jane to her mother's at five o'clock; and, bidding her farewell, they adjourned to a public house to spend the rest of the evening.

The widow waited wearily for her son that Sabbath night. She opened her Bible, but the words swam before her eyes. She put her feet upon the fender, her arms upon her knees, and burying her face in her hands, gave way to grief and self-reproach.

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"Gin I had but corrected his wayward fancies when a bairn," she muttered, "he wad nae hae gotten the habit o' self-indulgence;—gin I had made him obedient to me, he wad maybe no hae been disobedient to his Maker. My bairn! my bairn! my bonnie bairn! that sat by his father's knee an' mine on mony a pleasant Sabbath nicht, how is he become like the prodigal son! My bairn! my bonnie bairn!

At two in the morning he was carried home in a state of insensibility.

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CHAPTER VII.

WARNING.

"Listen not to his temptations. . . .
. . . let it profit thee to have heard,
By terrible example, the reward
Of disobedience."

MILTON.

NEXT day of course Archie Tyndal was off work. He felt very low-spirited; and in the afternoon went to the races to cheer himself. He was persuaded to venture slightly upon betting, and was soon in a delirium of excitement. He won, and could not but "treat" the loser and a friend. Another tipsy evening and another morning off work were the consequence. He knew the penalty for being off Mr. Newton's work for such a cause; and when, on the second afternoon, he made his appearance, and Haggarth questioned him as to his absence, his confused replies would have betrayed the state of the case, even had not the foreman possessed ocular proof of the reality. He had observed Tyndal reeling down street after the races on Monday evening.

"Archie Tyndal," he said, "make no excuses. I saw you with my own eyes. You know the rule; an admonition the first time, but no mercy the second."

The young man stood sullenly silent.

"I warned you of scoffers," said Haggarth; "I warn you now of Sabbath-breakers. This began, I know, with being at the race-ground on Sunday."

"You may do your worst," replied Archie. "You will

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not have the opportunity of getting me turned off, I can tell you. If I have made a mistake once, there is no need to do it again."

"Watch, then," said the foreman; "and, Archie Tyndal, —you were brought up by godly parents,—*pray* as well as watch."

The kindness of tone and manner with which those words were pronounced rather softened the stubbornness of the young man. "You will not need to find fault with me again," he said.

And so he *resolved;* but alas! the resolution was formed in his own strength. The mere man who wrestles alone against the rulers of the darkness of this world soon finds that the match is very unequal.

"Seek strength from above, Archie," said Haggarth.

"No fear of me," replied Tyndal. "I hope Mr. Newton will not be here this afternoon," said Archie to himself, as rather tremblingly and with a bad headache he pursued his work.

No, Mr. Newton did *not* go to the building that afternoon; and when six o'clock arrived, Archie wished with all his heart that he *had* been there, for in that case the dreaded meeting would have been over with one who had befriended his youth, but who was stern and uncompromising with every deviation from the path of rectitude.

His spirits flagged exceedingly, and he would have liked a dram; but he was resolved not to touch spirits.

"Will you give me my tea pretty strong, mother," he said, when he got home, "my head aches."

"That I will," said the widow, right glad to hear him ask for *tea.*

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He sat perseveringly at home all that evening; he even took his "smoke" by the fireside, instead of going into the street as he often did. Ah! that going out with pipe or cigar, what mischief has it wrought among young men! Smoking is a filthy habit; I wish they were all members of an anti-tobacco society; but I had rather they would render the house abominable by the tavern-like odour, than go at ten o'clock to parade by lamplight, exposed to such society as they may meet.

Archie Tyndal that night confined his fumes to his mother's room.

Next morning Mr. Newton was pretty early at the work. The heart of the young man beat fast when he caught the first glimpse of his master; but he laboured on most diligently without turning his head. The salutation was somewhat stern.

"Tyndal, were you on the ramble?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you the son of *such* parents!"

He was silent.

"It is the first time; beware of the second."

"It will be the last, sir."

"Your mother does not deserve to have her heart broken by *you*."

The trowel full of lime was splashed upon the brick with unusual vehemence, but there was no reply.

"Did you begin on Sunday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sabbath breaking is the commencement of all evil. See that you go to church with your mother in future."

"Yes, sir."

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"And *nowhere else.*"

"Very well, sir."

"Take care of bad company."

"Yes, sir."

"Especially sceptical fellows; there are too many in this town."

"It is not easy to keep quite out of their way, sir."

"The *fool* hath said in his heart there is no God; but a companion of fools shall be destroyed," said Mr. Newton; and he turned away, leaving the words of holy writ to make their impression. If they did not, he felt that no words of his own would.

That expression, "*the fool*," rang in his ears. The sceptics boasted of superior wisdom; and yet the Bible, and a man whom he could not but respect far more than them, called them *fools*. Superior sense, and unfettered liberty were their pretensions; what if their sense *should* be folly, their liberty ruin? He began to think this was the case; at least, if he followed their practices, *he* might be ruined. "I have got some experience of their ways," he said to himself; "shame and a headache is all they left me. They will not find me so pliable in future."

Next Sunday was not Jane's "day out," and Archie went to church with his mother. As he returned home with his respectable looking parent leaning on his arm, he met Jackson, who regarded him with a satirical expression.

"Dean Barrington preaches a charity sermon in St. Barnabas' to night. I am going; will you?" said he.

"No; I do not mean to go out to-night," replied Archie, rather sharply. He knew full well that Jackson was not going to church.

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"You will surely let him go, ma'am," said the scoffer, in a sneering tone, to the widow.

"He is of age to choose for himself," she replied; "howbeit I wad prefer his remaining wi' me."

"I am not going, Jackson," said Archie, decidedly.

"Hum! Good afternoon, then."

"Good afternoon."

"That's richt," said Mrs. Tyndal, "ye were wont to like the Sabbath nicht at hame, Archie."

"So I do still, mother."

This was not quite true; he had lost his relish for its quiet enjoyment, but he resolved to deny himself, and was not a little proud of the stand he had made.

Mrs. Tyndal was very happy that evening. *Her* love of the Sabbath was genuine, for she loved the God of the Sabbath; and the time spent in reading his word, meditating on his promises, and holding communion with him, was time of unmixed happiness. And this evening she had in addition the hope of her son's return to the ways of godliness.

And in the room below there was a happy scene. Alie and James, on their return from church, sat reading together, and talking on the most interesting of all subjects. The evening meal, the evening prayer, and the evening psalm, were full of quiet enjoyment. The labouring man rested his frame, and refreshed his mind; the woman he loved was by his side; the God who made him, the Saviour who redeemed him was near, though invisible; and a holy, home happiness pervaded his heart. He would not have exchanged it for amusement or excitement of any kind.

By coming in contact with the noble subjects of divine

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revelation, the mind of the poorest man becomes ennobled, and his taste refined; the rich poetry, the sublime morality of the Bible, when carried home to the soul by the Spirit of God, transform and beautify it. The Bible is the true elixir which turns all things to gold, when applied by its author. How is it that statesmen, that patriots do not see this? How is it that pretended philanthropists would rob the working-man of time to read the Bible, and send him to spend it in music and museums? Why will they not give *other* time for amusement?

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CHAPTER VIII.

A HOLIDAY.

"Now from the town,
Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisesome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes."

ONE Saturday morning, when James Collins came home to the comfortable breakfast which Alie always had ready for him, he asked if she had been breathing the air of this sweet summer morning.

"No," she replied; "I have been at my Saturday cleaning: you know I like to have it over early."

"It is little you leave yourself to do on Saturday, Alie; everything in the house is as clean as a new pin when I come home on Friday night."

"I don't like much work on Saturday,—it tires one for Sabbath. Somehow, ever since school-days, I think of Saturday as a holiday; but there are always odds and ends to be done in the morning," replied his wife.

"Well, to-day shall be a real holiday; I think we'll have a trip to Barmouth, if you are agreeable."

"Oh, that will be nice, if the master can spare you."

"Yes, Haggarth says there is not much needing to be done to-day, so we may set off as soon as you can be ready."

"As soon as you like,—that is if you can take eggs for dinner to-morrow."

"To be sure; I wish everybody had eggs for dinner. Then let us go by the eleven o'clock train."

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Alie soon washed up her breakfast things, left her house in perfect order; and husband and wife, smart in their Sunday clothes, went to the train.

They met a number of "pitmen" coming in to market. The colliers are a separate race, easily distinguishable from other classes of the community. The men, even when clean washed, and in their best clothes, seem to have imbibed something of the hue of the coals; though strong and muscular, they walk with a lounging gait, and their limbs seem as if more frequently cramped in uneasy postures than used in free, active exertion. There might be seen such a man as we have here described, striding on alone, or clasping in his arms a young child, while behind him trudged his wife with her basket on her arm, her shoulders enveloped in a silken shawl of the most gaudy colours, red, blue, and yellow, and a great bunch of ribbons on her bonnet; another child holding by her gown, and a third following. Then showily dressed girls,—their broad good-humoured faces, not at all refined in expression,—linked arm in arm the whole breadth of the pavement, or hooked on each side of a rolling, laughing young man. Merry meetings took place among friends and acquaintances with noisy salutations, and laughter-exciting jokes. The whole scene was one of jollity and bustle.

But there were some of more sober dress and staid demeanour, and more intelligent aspect. A couple of this class approached James and Alie.

"John Larkins," cried James, "I am glad to see you. Mistress Larkins, this is my wife." A hearty grasp of Alie's hand from both John and his wife followed this introduction.

"A'm sure a'm glad to see thee, hinny," said Larkins to

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James. "A've never seen thee since thou was wedded, an' a wish thee much happiness."

"Thank you, John, with all my heart," replied Collins.

"I hope thou's gotten as good a wife as I hae mysel'," said John, with an arch laugh.

"Very good so far; but we have not had a long trial," replied James, also laughing.

"I tell thee what," said John, his countenance becoming grave, "if ye have the fear o' God, ye'll both do well."

"True, John; I hope we have that, by His grace."

"Ye're dressed, are ye for a holiday the day?"

"Yes, a jaunt to the sea-side."

"Well, then, just get out at Whittinton as ye come home, an' get yer tea as ye pass. It'll be ower late or I wad show ye the pit; but the mistress 'll see some flowers, if she likes them."

"Thank you, John, we would enjoy that very much; but will not that hurry you home?"

"No, no, we's expect ye. Gud day to ye, or ye'll miss the train."

The train was indeed nearly ready to start; they got in, and Alie inquired, "Will it be as pleasant to take tea with the pitman as to walk by the sea-side?"

"I think we may have plenty of walking by that time," replied James. "Our tea will do us good; and you do not know how nice a village Whittinton is *now*."

"*Now!* is it different from what it once was?"

"Totally different. Like all the colliers' villages, it used to be a dreadful place. The men worked three days in the week, and drank the rest. There were riotous eating and drinking while the wages lasted, then starvation, and then they went

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to work again. Rioting, fighting, and blasphemy were the sounds you heard there, and dirt and disorder the sights!"

"What made the change?"

"The Methodists went and laboured among the people. Many were convinced of sin, and converted. Their example spread, and the grace of God spread: the entire village has been transformed."*

"Wonderful!" said Alie.

"And yet not wonderful; it is just what the gospel does wherever it is believed. Even those who do *not* believe among them are benefited."

"Is not it astonishing that wise people *will* seek other remedies for vice and misery?" said Alie.

"The wisdom of the world is foolishness," replied her husband.

There was just one passenger besides themselves in the carriage, for few were going *from* town at that hour. When they came to a station, "Ho, guard!" he shouted from the window. The guard came.

"Let me into another carriage," he cried.

"I am sure you have room enough," said the guard.

"There are Methodies here; I'll be robbed if I stay," he said.

The guard laughed, and the man jumped out.

Alie looked at her husband.

"Poor man!" said he, pityingly.

They soon lost sight of the crowded part of the river, grim with soot and coal, and whirled into the pure country air. The bright blue sea, with its thousand diamond sparks, burst upon their view, and they alighted at Barmouth.

* This is no exaggerated description of what the gospel has done for the colliers.

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"How quiet it is here!" said Alie. "The people seem to have nothing to do."

"There is little quiet on Sabbath, I suppose," replied James, "since the trains began to run. They say it is like a fair-day. But I think we may go to the castle first."

To the castle they went, in at the frowning gateway, and past the sentinels, and the piles of shot and cannon-balls, and the barracks where soldiers were loitering about. Then they walked on the ramparts, and looked down on the sea breaking grandly upon the rocks far beneath. The cliffs were very bold; Alie thought it well that there were walls to prevent them from falling over, for it made her head giddy to look down, and she could not imagine how the walls had been built on such dangerous places. They had a splendid view of sea and sky, the one as blue as the other; the sea with white sails, and the sky with white clouds, not much larger, dotted here and there. The beauty of creation filled them with joy. James took a large draught of the pure air.

"Plenty of health here," he said.

They then visited the old abbey, with its oriel window and crumbling walls, and ivy and wallflowers, and talked about the lazy monks and foolish nuns.

"What a house must be a house full of old maids!" cried James, laughing.

"Not a word against old maids," retorted Alie. "They are a kind, useful, charitable race."

"Aye, when they have their liberty and their Bibles, and an old father to watch, and other people's children to mind, and poor houses to visit. But shut them up all together, with nothing but Latin prayers and penances, and you would see a quarrelsome community, I'll be bound for it."

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"Heigho! for the poor girls who are shut up in such dreary places against their will!" sighed Alie.

Next, they walked to the battery on the cliff opposite the castle. It commands a noble sea view with the mouth of the river, on the side of which the rocks are steep and rugged; but a pleasant green hill slopes away towards the haven and the town. Many wild flowers were in the grass; and they sat down beneath the shade of the battery wall, to eat the bread and cheese they had carried with them.

"How pleasantly a thing eats in the open air!" said Alie.

"It's nice to lie on the grass; how fresh it smells!" said James.

Alie was watching a little beetle with shining back. "What lots of different flowers and different creatures you see in the country," she observed.

"Oh! Alie, is not it wonderful that God knows them all—thousands and thousands!"

"And that He made them all, James."

"The greatest man in the world could not make a beetle," James said. "And yet some people will tell you chance made it, or the laws of nature made it."

"I wonder chance never made a gown or a watch, or cooked your dinner, James," said Alie.

"You've hit upon a good argument," replied her husband.

They went down to the haven, and a man offered to take them out in his boat for half an hour. The water, when they got a little from the shore, was as clear as crystal, of a beautiful emerald green. It was delightful to gaze down into it. They saw distinctly the stones at the bot-

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tom, of various hues, forming a lovely pavement of mosaic —"a fine street for the fishes," James said. In some places, different kinds of sea-weed grew, like a marine grove, moving gently with the undulations of the waves, as if a breeze had stirred them. Alie supposed they must be the mermaids' gardens. The boatman doubled the little promontory. "Many a good ship has been wrecked here," he said. "Many a gallant fellow has gone down among them weeds."

"If you would like a hunt for crabs," he pursued, "I'll draw in to the creek among the rocks."

"Oh! I like to ramble among the rocks!" cried Alie.

He drew in to the creek, and they jumped ashore, thanking him many times for his kindness. They saw no crabs, except the little inedible fellows that ran sideways away on their approach, and afforded them some fun by their haste; but they found, oh! such beautiful pools among the rocks, filled up to the brim with sea-water, and embossed with weed green, and brown, and olive, and bits of shining stone and shell.

"Your friends the mermaids have surely made these," said James.

"It would be a lovely world if there were no sin in it," said Alie.

James's watch at length reminded him that the day was passing away. They could have wandered about and sat by the sea much longer; and Alie half regretted their engagement to tea. But James thought that, notwithstanding the size of the sea, they could carry it away in their memories, and enjoy their holiday over again in the midst of the town. They got to the station just in time for the train, and were soon whirled to Whittinton.

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John Larkins was waiting for them, and welcomed them heartily. They found the village composed of pretty cottages, surrounding a green wide and neat. Each cottage had its own little garden, enclosed by a paling of wood, and garnished with gay flowers—tulips, and stocks, and roses. Alie was quite struck with the size and richness of the stocks —long stalks surrounded by *such* blossoms. She gave vent to her delight in an exclamation which evidently gratified her host.

"Thou shall have a posy to carry home wi' thee, hinny," he said. "Thou has ne sic flowers in the toon, Ise warrand."

"No, no, nothing like that. The smoke would'nt let them grow," replied Alie.

"We've smoke eneugh here whiles," said John, "whan the wund's fair for't; but we hav ne big streets to kep it, an' it just blaws away again."

"That great pit heap, and the fire for the engines, must send you plenty sometimes. I wonder you keep your village so clean," said James.

"We gat cleanliness wi' godliness," replied John. "We had little eneugh afore."

Mrs. Larkins now appeared at the door, and a warm homely greeting took place.

The interior of the cottage was as clean as Alie's own house, though rather different. The floor of the kitchen was of flags, clean washed and sprinkled with white sand. The chairs and tables were of white fir wood; and two beds were on one side, shut in by sliding doors. There were, however, an excellent mahogany clock, and old-fashioned drawers with a sloping top, which opened out into an escri-

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toire, on the top of which, again, was mounted a book-case with glazed doors. The whole article was polished to the utmost height to which strong arms could rub it. No French polish ever surpassed the shine of that rich darkly-veined mahogany.

The kettle was puffing on the bar; and hooked up over one side of the ample grate was the griddle with a knead cake, baked to perfection, of a light brown, dotted thickly with currants. Rich and crisp it looked, the very princess of cakes.

"A'm sure ye're ready for yer tea hinnies," said Mrs. Larkins, "an' its ready for you; sae the wife 'ill come intil the room an' put off her bonnet."

"The room" was equally neat. The boarded floor was perfectly white, though without carpet, except two small stripes before the beds which were, as in the kitchen, along the wall; but instead of sliding doors had curtains of blue checked linen. The chairs and the table here also were of fir wood without a stain.

To keep the other parts of the house tidy, there was a small back kitchen with a primitive fire place, where dirty work was done. This completed the dwelling of John Larkins.

The worthy couple had had a large family; but some were dead, others married; the youngest son and daughter alone remained with them. The son had not got home from work yet. Annie Larkins was buttering the cake when Alie had laid aside her bonnet and returned to the kitchen. She was stout, and ruddy, and good humoured looking, rather below the middle size. Her hair was smoothly braided; she wore a dark cotton gown with bright

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small flowers upon it, a black apron, black worsted stockings, and leather shoes well polished; a tidy, active, blithe lass.

"It is'nt a singin' hinny," she said, laughing, as she placed the cake with a bowl of hot water under the plate upon the tea tray. "Mother does'nt allow singing hinnies now; she says that they're not good for folk."*

"I'm sure *that* is rich enough for the queen, and so beautifully baked," replied Alie.

"A' tell my lasses," said John, "that a Christian woman suld do all things better than her godless neebors."

"Father would have us all like the wise woman i' the Proverbs," said Annie.

"To be sure," replied her father. "What is her pictur put there for but to be copied, I wonder?"

"An idle, slatternly woman has no more business to be called a Christian than a man has who will not work," said James. "But at any rate father cannot complain at home."

"There's ne housemaid and ne thrift-box like godliness," said John. "Thou knaws what dirt and what wastery there was afore it cam' here. There's not a decenter, better thriving village now in all England."

"Promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come," Alie observed.

"The money spent in drink, *that's* saved," said John, "the time when folk was incapable, *that's* saved; the broken heads and the riven coats, and the smash o' the pottery and o' the character, *them's* saved; there was never a savings bank like religion."

"And a better savin' thou's forgettin'," added his wife.

* A "singing hinny," the pitman's high feast in the olden time, was a "knead cake," with such a quantity of butter in it that it "fizzed" on the hot griddle.

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"What's that, my woman."

"W'y just the savin' o' the soul."

"Aye, aye, to be sure; but a' was reckonin' the warldly savin'."

In hearty hospitality and pleasant conversation the evening wore away, James and Alie received from their kind host and hostess the promise of a visit in return on a future Saturday; and at not too late an hour they returned to their own happy home, well pleased and benefited by their holiday.

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CHAPTER IX.

A STRIKE.

"Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done."

GOLDSMITH.

WE have intimated that Mr. Newton was just and conscientious in his dealings with his men. The woe pronounced in holy writ against those who oppress the hireling in his wages, was never applicable to him. Moreover, he treated his work people, not as machines made to minister to his own advancement, but as intelligent beings. He ruled not only reasonably but by reason. He was immoveably firm, but not at all despotic; for his rule was not "what is my *will*," but "what is *right*."

In the summer after the marriage of James and Alie, circumstances arose which rendered it requisite to reduce the wages of masons, bricklayers, brick-makers, and joiners. There was therefore a combination among master builders and joiners to reduce the wages of their men four shillings per week. Mr. Newton never joined those combinations; he considered that they were often productive of injustice, always of irritation; and that a just and firm master was quite competent to deal with his own men. "It is a master's own fault," he observed, "if his workmen are insubordinate; he must either lack *moral power*, or have neglected their interests."

On the present occasion he thought the reduction of four shillings per week more than was requisite to meet the emer-

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gency in trade. In his own case, at least, he calculated two shillings to be sufficient, and the intention to make this reduction was accordingly intimated to the men when they received their wages on Saturday afternoon. The reduction was to take place on the following week, and the reasons for it were briefly but kindly pointed out to the men.

"What say you to this so soon after your wedding?" asked a fellow-workman of James Collins, as they left the office together.

"Certainly I would rather have had the two shillings," was the reply, "but I know the master over well to think that he would reduce us unnecessarily; and I hear that other masters are taking off four."

"That is abominable," said the first speaker; "but if the masters have combined to oppress, so will the men to resist. There is talk of a general strike."

"Which just means a general ruin," replied Collins.

"But what can they do if they are oppressed?"

"By a strike they will bring themselves to beggary and their families to starvation, and probably after that they will go sneaking to work at the reduced wage," said Collins.

"But really, do you think that people should submit to such injustice?"

"I think that a strike is the very worst means they could employ. It will make their case desperate. There must be need for some reduction or Mr. Newton would not have made it."

"Rather hard that men should suffer though, to prevent masters from losing.

"If the masters were to go down, what would become of the men? To ruin *them* is to ruin ourselves."

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"Very true, James; I don't think *we* have any cause to strike; but if the poor fellows who are reduced the double of us, ask us to join them, we can hardly refuse. It would seem selfish."

"Not a bit of it. They are on the road to ruin; our joining them would not help them out of *that*, and we should be fools to ruin ourselves just to keep them company."

"Well, maybe a little bit subscription would do them more good after all."

"That would only encourage them in doing wrong, and would do little to alleviate their sufferings," said Collins.

"Oh! man, but we must sympathise with our fellow creatures," said the first speaker.

Next week "the strike" was organized, after a meeting held on the moor, at which very few of Mr. Newton's men were present. Of those few, Haggarth was one, and, in a short speech, he strove to point out the evils of a strike, and to persuade to more judicious measures. But he was not listened to. "A foreman is as bad as a master," they cried. "He is a party. Newton's half measures wont do. Old wages or none." And, amidst such shouts, Haggarth left the ground.

Mr. Newton requested all his men to meet him in a vacant plot of ground next day, when he thus addressed them:—

"My good fellows, they say there is to be a great strike in our trade, and I want to speak to you about it. I am not aware whether any of you think of joining it, though I believe you have all too much good sense. I have been obliged to reduce your wages two shillings per week, but I have informed you of the reason. Men and master must

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stand or fall together. If *I* be brought into difficulties, I cannot pay my men. Have you reason to complain of me as a hard master?"

There were cries of "No, no! never!"

"You know I have always consulted your interests as much as my own."

"You have; you have."

"Have you sufficient confidence in me to believe that necessity alone would have compelled me to reduce your wages?"

"We have!"

"And have you also sufficient confidence to believe that as soon as it is safe for myself and proper for my employers to return to the old rate, I will advance your wages?"

"I think we may; yes, yes."

"You can still live comfortably upon what you have; very differently from the misguided men who are going to reduce themselves to penury, and to make their wives and children beggars. I trust none of you will join this strike. No man who does shall ever return to my employment. You know I always stand to what I say; and so complete is my conviction of the unreasonable folly of joining this strike, that I should think myself well quit of any one who would do so. I do not think *one* of you will do so. If my men have confidence in their master, their master has confidence in them. They will maintain their character, and with that the comfort and prosperity of their families."

A long and hearty cheer followed this speech; after which James Collins rose and said:—

"Mr. Newton, in the name of my fellow-workmen, I thank you for all your considerate kindness to us. You

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have always shown yourself desirous to promote our welfare, and it would ill become us to requite you by putting you to inconvenience. I hope none of us will join this strike. It would bring us to misery, besides being ungrateful. We believe that you will always do us justice, and we will not do ourselves *in*justice."

There were cries of "we agree, we agree," and then the meeting separated.

Delegates from the combination visited Mr. Newton's workmen in vain. Only one of them joined the strike, a conceited, discontented young man, one of the joiners. The rest were rather glad to be quit of him, for they were tired of his tirades and disputations.

A few of them, however, subscribed for the relief of starving wives and children, for they failed to see that that was mistaken benevolence, tending only to prolong the evil.

Week after week the strike continued, and the usual misery was the consequence. The wages of the workmen were soon spent, and those who had little hoards in the savings' banks withdrew them, until, without money and without credit, hundreds of human beings were on the brink of starvation. The masters did not relax. A few hands from distant places were hired for more urgent work, and these wrought in danger from the exasperated and disappointed men. There was great wrath against Mr. Newton's men, who continued prosperous and peaceable. Threatening letters were received by many of them, but were disregarded.

One afternoon, as Alie was ironing, there was a rap by small fingers at the door. She opened it, and two pale haggard children stood on the step. "Letty and Sally,"

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she exclaimed in some surprise, "come in." They were the children of an old friend, whose husband was in "the strike." Sally burst into tears. The child sobbed so that her words were scarcely audible; but Mrs. Collins distinguished the words "hungry, hungry." The little sister stood motionless, the picture of silent despair and famine. Alie led them in, set the three-legged stool and the "cracket," and brought out some bread and milk. She wept as the famished children seized the viands, but wisely gave them only a stinted meal, lest illness should be the consequence of a sudden supply.

When they had finished, Alie asked for their mother. Sally burst into tears again. "She is dying," she said, "and she bade us come to you and ask for a bit of bread to keep us from dying too. Thank you, Mrs. Collins."

"Is mother hungry too?" asked Alie. "Very hungry, but she can't eat nothing now."

"I'll go with you and see," said Alie, "and take mother something." She then put some provisions into a basket, took it on her arm, and accompanied the children. She entered the room of her friend, once tidy and well furnished as her own. What a sight was there! Nearly every article of furniture was gone; a mattress lay on the floor, and upon it was stretched poor Sarah Jones, white and emaciated, while an infant with dry lips was tugging vainly at her breast. She scarcely looked up as Alie entered; but a child of eighteen months crawled towards her, and began to cry. Alie poured a little broth into a cup, and gave it to the child, setting it in a sitting posture on the floor; she then stooped over the mattress.

"Let me give you a drink of milk," she said.

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"The baby first," whispered the skeleton, pointing to the infant.

"After you have taken one drop," said Alie, gently disengaging the child, and holding the milk to the mother's lips, while she raised her head with the other hand. The famished woman tasted the milk; she swallowed the "one drop," then, as if a spirit of desperation had seized her, she grasped the jug, and drained it to the bottom. With a long gasp she fell back upon the mattress, and exclaimed, "Oh, my baby! I have robbed my baby!" and then she sobbed hysterically.

"We'll get some more for *it*," said Alie. She then distributed the bread among the hungry group, and softening a little bit with water, she fed the baby. The poor mother looked at her: "Oh!" she said, "to think that I drank the milk from my own child! Sure hunger takes away the senses."

"Mother would not have none o' the barley cake yesterday; she gave it all to us. That is the way she was so hungry," said the eldest child.

"Where is father?" inquired Alie.

"Father's at the strike," lisped little Sally, shaking her head.

"Father frightens us when he comes; he is *so* hungry," said Letty.

"Oh! Alie, my woman, if you could persuade him to go to work!" cried poor Sarah, clasping her wasted hands. *I* can die; but the poor wee bairns!"

The door opened, and a gaunt, grim, famine-stricken man entered. When he saw Alie he stopped, holding the door in his hand. "You, James Collins's wife, to dare to

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enter my room!" he cried. "This is the door, madam; you may walk."

"Richard, Richard, she has saved our lives, all of us," shrieked his wife, raising herself upon her elbow.

"But for Collins, and such as he, we had succeeded," said the man fiercely.

Letty took his hand and looked wistfully in his face: "Dinna, father, dinna," she said. Little Sally clung to his legs. He shook the children off savagely.

"Let me speak one word before I go," pleaded Alie.

There was something in her gentle tone which he could not resist. "Speak away," he said sullenly, placing his back against the wall.

"Richard," said Alie, "will you murder them all?"

"They are the murderers who keep our rights from us."

"You can help them being starved to death, Richard."

"But I won't, while my right is withheld."

"If it is just that you *won't*, you will be their murderer."

"What is that you say?" he asked, with an alarmed look.

"I say *their murderer*," repeated Alie, in a low, trembling voice.

There was a long and terrible silence; you might have heard each labouring breath. At length the man flung himself on his knees by the mattress of his wife. "It is true," he said, "I *have* murdered her." He threw his arm over her wasted form, and strong, deep sobs almost choked him. The sudden shock was too much for her feeble frame: she fainted. Her husband, blinded by his tears, did not perceive it, and Alie had turned her head away to weep.

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Letty had crept to her mother's side; suddenly the child screamed, "Mother is dead!—father, mother is dead!"

The man gasped, "O God! it is true. Alie, Alie, give her something to bring her back!"

Alie ran for water; the screams of the children brought in two neighbours; burnt feathers, all the humble restoratives within reach, were tried. At length the woman shuddered, and opened her eyes. "God, I thank thee!" was the hollow exclamation of the trembling husband.

"Be calm, Richard," said Alie; "do not throw her back. Take up the baby."

He took the child in his arms, gazed upon its wan countenance, and sat down upon a broken chair, rocking it in his bosom. The motion soothed the wailing child, and soothed at the same time the wretched father; until, the mother having quite recovered from her swoon, one of the women took the infant away, "to feed it at home," she said. The other went to fetch Sarah a cup of tea. When they were gone—

"Alie," said Richard, "I am conquered, though I vowed I never would be. I will go to work to-morrow if they will take me on. Ay, at any wage."

"That's right, Richard."

"It was that word of yours, Alie, 'a *murderer*,' that showed me all about it."

"Ay, but you are not to be that now."

"No, God be thanked, that withheld me by you! My family shall neither starve nor be beggars any longer while I have hands to work for them. But what's this come over my head?"

"You are very white, Richard. Lay down your head

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beside Sarah. Stop, take a drop of this broth first, only it is cold."

"Never mind, it's *food*. There, I'm growing better. I believe it *was* just want."

"Well, take some bread too. It is a queer dinner cold broth and bread."

"Alie Collins, what fools we have all been! I will swallow my pride, and tell you this is the first food I have tasted since yesterday morning. And *you* to bring it, when I would have turned you out."

"Let bygones be bygones, Richard; it is all over now." She hesitated, as if fearful of offending, and then said, in a low voice, "You will need something till your wages come in; we can lend you a trifle."

The man bent his head almost to his knees; pride, shame, and gratitude struggled within him; he could not speak, he only grasped Alie's hand.

That night there was a sufficient though homely supper in the room where famine lately reigned. After a time Sarah recovered strength, though the baby died. But it was long before debts were paid and furniture recovered, even though Richard was at once received back to his employment.

It was some months before many of the misguided men gave in. A number were not received back at all, new hands having been obtained. The consequent amount of misery may be conjectured—it cannot be described. The masters were not free from blame, but the men were ruined.

When Alie heard of the death of the baby, she went to see its parents. The little thing was laid out, covered with a white sheet, in a small inner room. As Alie and the mother

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went softly in, they saw Richard bending over the little corpse, with a crimson flush over his dark countenance. That dark and troubled face contrasted strangely with the white marble beauty of the infant, whose features, prematurely fixed and chisseled, and stamped with a strange intelligence, were like those of a creature from a higher sphere. The man looked upward. "I cannot wish her back from the glory," he said; "but her father murdered her."

"Maybe it was not *that*," said Alie; "but there is blood that cleanseth from all sin."

Alie was musing sadly that night. "I wonder," she said, "whether Richard was right—whether a child whose parents never gave it to God, who do not love God themselves, *can* be in glory?"

"God has not seen fit to reveal that clearly to us," replied her husband; "but He *is* revealed as a God of justice, of righteousness, and of love. He will do all things rightly, and all things kindly."

"Therefore, I think all infants must be saved," said Alie.

"I think so too; but not for their innocence, as sentimental people say."

"No, no; we all had a corrupt nature from our cradles. But how are they saved without faith in Christ?"

"I think Christ can wash in his own blood a creature too young to believe on Him."

"Then might it not be said that He could save others without faith?"

"That cannot be, for *He* has said that he will not. We —people old enough to understand—are distinctly told that if we believe not we shall be condemned."

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"And," added Alie, "He says with respect to infants, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"I think," said James, "that refers chiefly to their being admitted by baptism into Christ's visible kingdom. But it strengthens my belief that those who die in infancy are saved."

"It is most like the character of Christ, so far as I dare to judge," said Alie.

"It is not because we have faith that God is induced to save us," said James. "It is because He chooses to save us that He gives us faith, whereby we receive salvation."

"And if He chooses to save even the children of godless parents, He can do it without faith."

"Certainly."

"Then I am almost sure He *does* choose; for He willeth not the death of a sinner," said Alie.

"I hope this trouble may lead poor Richard to think seriously," observed James.

"I have been looking out one or two nice little books for him, James."

"That's right, Alie, and let us pray for him."

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CHAPTER X.

LIBERTY IN A TURN-OUT.

"Now let it work: Mischief, thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!"

SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE the strike continued, and those who held out were suffering its natural consequences, they indulged in not a little malice against Mr. Newton's men, who went on steadily working, and by their prosperous condition, afforded a continual rebuke to their misguided brethren. Threatening letters, as we formerly stated, were often sent them, but these were disregarded. Some thefts of materials occurred from one of Mr. Newton's store-yards, and he received an anonymous letter accusing James Collins and Haggarth of mal-practices, but he immediately guessed the source of the accusation, and took measures to discover the real perpetrator. These, however, were ineffectual. One night Collins received a note, ordering him and all the rest to leave off work next day, or beware of the consequences; the note closed with stating it to be the last warning, for the confederates were not to be trifled with.

The tone of this communication was so resolute, and it was so well known that the unhappy men had become desperate, that Collins carried the note to Mr. Newton, who considered it right to take measures for the protection of his workmen, in case of attack by day, and of his property by night. He was building a large villa about a mile from town, where a great many men were employed; and this

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and his principal brick-yard he considered the most likely objects of the fury of the mob. He therefore arranged with the police for a speedy communication in case of necessity, and desired Collins to maintain silence on the subject of the note, giving him, however, a pair of pistols to carry to the work next morning. He resolved to remain at it himself all day, and to send Haggarth to the brick-yard.

James Collins did not intend to alarm his wife by mentioning the subject to her, but in his small house he could not conceal the pistols from her, and was obliged to tell her the reason of his possessing them; adding, "after all, it may be a false alarm; no more may follow it than the other letters."

"I shall be very anxious all day," she said; "but I know where to go to seek protection for you."

"I daresay it will end in nothing, Alie; but—but if anything *should* happen, put your trust in God."

This was too much for poor Alie's heroism; she hid her face on her husband's shoulder, and wept.

"Nay, nay, this is not like a brave girl, to cry about a thing which may never happen! Poor creatures, I think they are too weak and starving to do us much harm. If they should come out, *we* are well fed and strong," said James, patting with his substantial hand the cheek half-hidden on his shoulder.

"Well, James, God's arm is strong," replied his wife. "It *was* very foolish."

But Alie's work did not go on very smoothly next day. She was half ashamed of her fears; but fears she had, and while tidying up her neat little house, a few tears would sometimes fall. But she carried her burden to the Lord, and he enabled her to bear it.

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It was too far for James to go home for dinner, and he would not hear of Alie carrying it to him, so she usually gave him some cold meat and bread and a small tin of milk. Simply as an excuse to see how matters were coming on, she had proposed this morning to carry him some broth; but this he decidedly forbade. "What good could *you* do if there was mischief?" he said. "You would only get harm yourself; and suppose there were vagabonds on the road, and you could not get along, why then I should have no dinner. So give me my cold beef, goodwife; stay at home, and suppress that Eve's curiosity.

Alie sighed, but obeyed.

"Don't suppose they are such fools as to come near these," said James, holding up the pistols.

"Oh! James, you would not kill."

"I believe I had rather be killed; but we can fire without killing."

Throughout the forenoon all was quiet, the men ate their dinners in peace. Mr. Newton told them there had been some threatening letters, but he had made arrangements for their safety. A good many builders were working at the outhouses and garden walls; and joiners, glaziers, marble-workers, &c., were employed within. Mr. Newton gave orders for all to go into the house if a mob should be seen approaching, and he had the lower windows boarded up.

"It is not very likely that we shall be molested; but if we should be, help will soon come," he said.

Nothing occurred until three o'clock, when Mr. Newton, who was on the look-out at an attic window, thought he saw a moving mass on the road at some distance. It might be cattle, however; and next minute a bend in the road

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concealed it. Anxiously he watched for its reappearance, with his hand on the bell which was to summon in his men. And now a cloud of dust began to move at the angle of the road, and then he caught a glimpse of a tumultuous crowd. He rang the bell out at the window, then rushed down stairs, and a shout, followed by a ringing from the back door, gave the signal to the outside workmen, who, with their tools in their hands, hurried to the house. With a rush and a roar, the mob surrounded it. James Collins was the last to go in, and just as he entered the door, a heavy stone felled him to the ground. A brother workman dragged him in, and shut the door; and then a howl, as of demons, ascended. A crowd of raging men were around the house, their visages darkened, and their figures attenuated by famine; many were in rags, and many had stones and clubs in their hands. Mr. Newton opened one of the drawing-room windows, and calmly inquired why they were there.

"It is the tyrant himself," shouted one of the mob.

"It is *I*, but I am no tyrant," replied Mr. Newton. "Come, my good fellows, tell me what you want."

The question was not easily answered, to the master at least. If one of the men had asked it, the reply would have been easy. There was a pause; and then a savage-looking man cried, "We want your men to turn-out."

"My men may do as they please. This is a land of liberty. Do you intend to deprive them of their liberty?"

"You, and such as you, are depriving the working-men of their rights," said the gaunt speaker.

"Why, my men seem perfectly satisfied. They are all in good condition. I ask again, do you want to force them to act against their will?"

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"Oppression! tyranny! grinding the faces of the poor! aristocratic insolence!" were the shouts that replied to this appeal. The men were inaccessible to reason; passion alone was their leader.

When the noise of tongues had somewhat subsided, Mr. Newton said—"Again I ask you why you are here? My men do not wish to join you; let me advise you to go quietly home."

A loud derisive laugh was the reply; and then the former spokesman said—"Do you think we will take their master's word for it? Send them out to confront us, instead of hiding like cowards."

"One of them shall speak to you," said Mr. Newton. "Collins!" he cried, turning round; "send Collins here."

"Collins is felled, sir," replied a boy who had run up stairs.

"Collins felled! What do you mean?"

"Yes, sir; a blow struck him as he ran in. They are bathing his head."

Mr. Newton returned to the window. "Men, you seem to have committed murder!" he said in a hollow tone.

"What do you say?" cried one of the men fiercely.

"You have killed James Collins."

"It is a lie—nothing but a lie to disperse us!" cried a hoarse voice.

"Hurrah, boys! if they wont come out, we'll burn them in—that's all. Hoy! bring timber here!"

Parley was now at an end. Shouts and groans, and a universal bustle, rendered it impossible to hear what was said. A rush was made to the back; timber and shavings were brought, and piled against the front door. Mr. New-

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ton seized a pistol, and fired over their heads. A shower of stones replied to the shot, causing him hastily to withdraw from the window for a minute; when he looked again, a man was applying a lighted match to a heap of shavings at the door. It was a critical moment; he lifted his heart in prayer, and perceiving that no one was between this man and the door, he took a steady aim with the other pistol, and shot him through the hand. The match dropped among the shavings; but in dropping, it was extinguished. With a cry of terror, the man retreated, and many near him fled; all drew back. The panic, however, was only for a minute; the man who had first spoken raised his hand, and shouted, "Blood! avenge it! Burst in the doors and windows! We are ten to their one!" There was another rush, followed by another pistol shot over head, and again they fell back.

"Ho! look about you!" cried a voice; and turning round, the rioters beheld a troop of cavalry dashing up the road. A general flight ensued—a flight in breathless haste —along the highway, over hedges, and ditches, and fences, into the fields and the plantations, and towards the moor. Many escaped, but many were taken prisoners by the mounted police who accompanied the soldiers; and the siege of the little garrison was effectually raised.

James Collins had been stunned, and his head was cut. His fellow-workmen bound it up with their handkerchiefs, and he opened his eyes; but he was faint from loss of blood. Mr. Newton sent for a coach to take him home, and one of the men accompanied him. Alie had become very uneasy, and had offered many an ejaculatory prayer as she prepared her husband's tea, half fearing that he would not come

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home to get it. She went to the door, which the evening breeze was fanning. She looked down upon the grass, and a daisy met her eye. "Little daisy, who watches over you?" she said. "Are you not too small for Him to mind who made the sun? Poor wee flowerie, if *you* are cared for by Him, won't he care for me and mine? Oh! I have been faithless, faithless! I will trust him now!" A sparrow flew down and chirped. "Ah! the birds of the air come to teach me, as well as the flowers of the field! Not one of them can fall to the ground without my Father—*my Father!*" She looked up as she said this, and love and confidence filled her heart. God was giving her strength.

A coach drove into the court. It was an unusual sight there, and her heart palpitated. It stopped at her door, and she saw her husband's head bound round with handkerchiefs. She uttered no cry, but though very pale, received him calmly, and asked no question till she had set him his own cushioned arm-chair. He was alive, and she gave silent thanks to God for that. His companion briefly related the particulars of the accident, and Alie detained him to take a cup of tea with her husband, who much needed some refreshment. The man then hurried home, lest his own family should be alarmed; and James gladly lay down in his comfortable bed, while Mrs. Tyndal came down stairs to see if she could be of use. She had previously heard of her son's safety. The two women cleansed the wound, and bound it up again; but Alie thought it best to have the doctor, lest anything should be wanting which might promote her husband's recovery. One of the neighbours accordingly went for him.

The news spread, and the house would soon have been

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filled with inquirers, but for Alie's firmness. She spoke to them all at the door, thanked them for their kindness, but said that her husband needed quiet.

The doctor pronounced the wound severe, but not dangerous, and dressed it more effectually than even the hands of a wife could have done. It would be a week or two, he said, before it would be safe for James to go to work again.

Being a strong man, he fevered a little, and it was *six* weeks before he could go to work; and even then, not for full time. Now the benefit of the young couple's prudence became apparent. They had no debt for furniture to encumber them, and since their marriage, they had put into the savings' bank a small sum weekly, little thinking how soon they should need it. It was a comfort to them while it lasted; but though Alie secretly denied herself, that she might procure proper nourishment for her husband, and Miss Newton often sent some little comfort, it was exhausted. Alie therefore found it needful to ask a pass-book from the shop with which they dealt, candidly telling the circumstances of the case, and promising payment as soon as James should resume work.

"Aye, to be sure; a book ye shall have and welcome," replied the shopman. "No fear of *you* paying, Mistress Collins. Be in no hurry, for I am in none. Right sorry am I for so fine a lad laid down. A parcel of unreasonable savages. Do they call that liberty, I wonder, to forbid a man using his own discretion whether he will work or starve? I haven't patience with them—not I!"

"Poor fellows! they are sadly misguided," said Alie.

"They are paying the penalty of their folly in starvation," added the man. "But if people *will* be fools they must

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just suffer for it. Hard enough though to make others suffer too."

Alie had given her husband a nice little bit of steak for his dinner, and he was puzzled a little to find out what she had had. He was now able to sit by the fire in the afternoon, and she read to him a short time, then took up her work. "To think of *me* being waited on this way, like a nobleman," he said, "and doing nothing! It is too bad! Alie, what had you for dinner?"

"Something good; I won't tell you what," she replied, laughing.

"How did you get that beefsteak for me? Isn't the money done?"

"I got it, and paid for it."

"What is that you are sewing—not a shirt for me?"

"Only for Messrs. Jukes and Symmons."

"Oh! that is the way the steak comes. How much will you get for that?"

"A whole shilling!"

"And all that fine work about it!—only a shilling! How long will it take you?"

"The odds and ends of three days."

"So you keep a house like a palace, read to me, give me beefsteaks, and labour at your needle, getting fourpence a-day."

"Why, the house keeps itself clean—*that* costs little labour; the reading is a great pleasure; and the little bit sewing just fills up the time when I am sitting beside you talking."

"Well, but it is shamefully little to give for making a fine shirt."

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"Far more than many give."

"I sometimes fret a little about being idle and getting in debt," said James; "but to tell the truth, I have been so happy as a gentleman that I do not know how I may do as a working man again."

"Not much fear of you, I think: you would tire of idleness."

"In time, I believe. But, Alie, it has been good for me to be afflicted. At first I fretted sadly at lying uselessly in bed; but I remembered who directed the stone, and saw that God must mean some good to us by it. Then I thought that perhaps I had begun to set my affections on earthly things, and to forget Him; therefore He had sent this trial to show me the need of a treasure in heaven if I would be permanently happy. So I have been thinking a good deal about the inheritance which nothing can mar."

"And I," said Alie, "have learned that our prosperity depends upon God more than upon our own thrift and prudence, although thrift and prudence are right."

"A working man has little time for quiet thought and meditation upon God's word, except Sunday," added James. "I have sometimes wished for such a time, and it has been given me in a way I did not expect. And I have learned something else, Alie, though not quite *new*—the value of a good, tidy, industrious wife."

At length James was able to go to work again; and in due time all debts were paid and the weekly saving recommenced. Once more he was "independent."

Mrs. Tyndal often visited the invalid. Her racy conversation and rich Christian experience greatly delighted him, and anxious and often depressed as she was about her son,

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it was a comfort to her to speak of him to James and Alie. Archie, too, "looked in" occasionally of an evening, and James's comfortable home strengthened his determination to have one of his own as soon as possible. He failed, however, to perceive *the one thing* which produced all this comfort. He had never thought of joining "the strike." The example of his fellow-workmen had weighed with him, and he had recognised the folly of the thing; but his mother had to mourn other evils into which he had been led.

Jane Harrison liked Alie from the first of their acquaintance, and she liked her better than ever now: she never visited her mother without "popping in" to inquire for James. She learned the reason why, in his sickness, he was not overwhelmed with debt, and she resolved that she would never be married till she too could begin housekeeping without owing anything for furniture. She thought, however, that it must be a little dull to read the Bible so much, and never walk or have a jaunt on a Sunday. Still many of her prejudices against religious people were abated.

Thus this worthy couple were useful in their own quiet way, without any ostentatious assumption of *teaching*. The very sight of their happiness did good to their fellow-creatures.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE SUNDAY RAILWAY.

"If the rag tag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man."
SHAKSPEARE.

"HERE's a pretty concern truly, the saints are to muster at the first meeting of directors of the Linton railway, to shut it up on Sundays—the hypocrites!" said Mr. Williamson, a portly gentleman, with an air in which hauteur and bon vivant were oddly mingled.

His auditor, a thin, pale, sharp nosed man, with a professional look, not of the highest order, jerked his head, and snapping his fingers, said, "I don't care *that* for them, sir."

"They are a pitiable minority," rejoined the first speaker; "but such a set of troublesome fellows. We shall have no peace with them."

"Put them down at once sir; hoot them out; teach them to disturb us! We are not to be beaten with cant, sir," said the thin attorney.

"It is beyond the pale of reason and common sense to think that we are to relinquish the Sunday profits; look at the Barmouth railway; why, Sunday is the principal day," observed the stout gentleman.

"To deprive the working man of his rights, sir!" said the attorney; "his right to fresh air, his right to worship in the temple of nature, his right to drown the cares of the week in the fragrance of fields. It's monstrous, sir! Not to be tolerated in a land of freedom."

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"Ha!" said Mr. Williamson, with a look of sublime superiority, "the long and the short of it is, *we* won't be deprived of the right to fill our purses with Sunday fares. You philanthropists look after the good of the working man, we monied men look after the return of our outlay. Between us we shall do."

"Between us we shall put them down," decided the attorney.

"You must take care, Mr. Miles, that the sensible shareholders muster strong; these fellows must not trick us."

"Trust me for that, sir; I am a match for them, or my name's not Miles."

"It might have been Wiles, sir," said the stout gentleman, with a calm smile at his own wit.

The attorney seemed much gratified by the compliment.

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Williamson, as a figure turned the corner of a cross-street, and approached them; then lifting his hat with a dignity that was meant to be perfectly freezing, he passed on.

The salutation was acknowledged by a courteous bow from a middle-aged, gentlemanly person with a most benevolent countenance.

"I hate that man," exclaimed Mr. Miles, when he was out of hearing.

"It is not worth while to *hate*, quite enough to keep him down," responded Mr. Williamson.

"That mild face of his, sir, covers an obstinate perversity, a canting hypocrisy, a gloomy puritanism perfectly sickening," said Mr. Miles, impetuously.

"He is rather tough, but we shall outdo him; the bulk

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of the monied interest is with us," replied Mr. Williamson, with great dignity. "Only do you muster strong, and the day is ours."

Mr. Williamson was "a monied man," though wishful to increase his money; and therefore he could afford to be dignified in the matter of the Sunday railway; but Mr. Miles was a needy man, speculating in shares, and with him it was as a matter of life and death that Sunday gains should be secured. He was infuriated to think that several of "the saints," as he termed religious men, had obtained shares for the express purpose of preventing, if possible, a desecration of the Lord's day similar to that which took place on the Barmouth railway; and knowing that there must be a great struggle at the next meeting of shareholders, he was using means to procure the putting down, by clamour and violence, of the party who sought to secure Sabbath observance upon the new line of railway, which was to be opened in a fortnight, and upon which the directors had advertised trains to run, in the morning and evening of the Lord's day, in each direction.

A meeting of shareholders had been called, at which it was known that the Sabbath traffic was to be opposed; but Mr. Miles had determined that its results should be favourable to what he considered to be his interests.

A good many rather low men were shareholders—needy, speculative persons, without religious principle. These Mr. Miles was contriving to muster strongly, and to train for the conflict. If victory were but achieved, he cared little for the means of its achievement.

One or two gentlemen there were, irreligious, but benevolent, who honestly believed it good for the community

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that trains should run on the Sabbath. Their way of benefiting their species they simply believed to be better than their Creator's way. They seemed likely to realize the fable of him who requested Jove to give him the management of the weather. They had not penetration enough to perceive the remote effects of their good-natured vanity. Because it was pleasant for some persons to travel on Sunday, they supposed that Sunday trains must be a benefit to the human race.

Then there were two decided infidels, or rather two individuals decided in proclaiming themselves unbelievers in Christianity; for, as no man can prove a negative except by a contradiction, and no authentic contradiction of the Scriptures can be found, no man has ever existed who could demonstrate with logical accuracy that Christianity is false; and there is little doubt that the dread of finding it true after all lies at the root of that bitter enmity which professed unbelievers cherish towards it. Those two pretended infidels had a crusade against the Bible and all Bible institutions. They hated them with a perfect hatred, and would have blotted them from the face of the earth if they could. No wonder that *they* were advocates of Sabbath trains.

And the mere men of business, and mere men of pleasure, who could see no reason for curbing the gains or the amusements of either themselves or others, these also were mustered against the Sabbath.

In defence of its sacredness stood alone the earnestly religious, those who knew and felt the Bible to be the word of God, accredited by such evidence as was sufficient to convince all rational beings who would but open their eyes to it; and who, knowing that God had spoken, confessed

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that man ought to obey. They bowed first to the superior wisdom of their Creator in the institution of the Sabbath, and then they perceived in its effects how profound that wisdom was. These were a small but determined band, strong in a strength greater than their own, resolved to testify for God and the true welfare of their fellow-creatures against all the carelessness and selfishness, the bitterness, the hypocrisy, and the mistaken benevolence that might be arrayed against them.

These men, Mr. Miles determined, should not even be *heard* at the meeting of shareholders.

For this purpose he called on a few of the lower and more mercenary shareholders, represented to them that their interests were in danger by the combination of the "methodist fellows" to prevent Sunday trains, and suggested a league to "*put down*" the said combination. "Let us show," said he, "that the sense of the meeting is against them, that we will not suffer them to disturb our harmony; let us prevent their attempt to introduce wrangling into our meetings. If hooted and ruffed down the first time, they will not be so ready to stand up again. It is intolerable that a few bigots should interfere with the rights of the rest of the proprietors."

"Then you wish to hiss them down," said one of the *gentlemen* addressed.

"By giving audible demonstration of your feelings, and showing that you are resolved not to hear them, you will prevent them from presuming again," said the wily attorney.

"A good plan, really an excellent plan," responded his auditor

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"A few other gentlemen have agreed to do so. If you will come to the meeting pretty early, I will secure you good seats in an influential position, where you may command the meeting.

The prospect of "commanding" was very agreeable. The thing was promised; and Mr. Miles felt sure that the sentiments of the bigots should not infect the other shareholders, and that they should receive a lesson which might banish them from the meetings in future.

With the more respectable shareholders Mr. Miles could not tamper in *this way;* he had other methods for those of whose stedfastness to his favourite project he felt any doubt. Some were so decided as to give him no trouble; others needed a few hints of interest, a few ideas confirmatory of their resolution to have Sunday trains. In his dealings with different characters, Mr. Miles truly justified his cognomen of *Wiles.* On the evening before the meeting he was satisfied that his success was certain.

The shareholders having met, the chairman seated, and some other business settled, Mr. Hetherington rose to propose that there be no traffic on the Linton railway on the Lord's day. He was the benevolent-looking gentleman to whom we saw Mr. Williamson bowing so freezingly. But his appearance was the signal for a storm of hissing and noises of every description, in the midst of which he stood with his resolution in his hand calmly looking upon the agitated meeting. "Mr. Chairman," he said, but the noise was renewed. "Order," cried the chairman, but order was not to be had. "Order, order; the gentleman must be heard." The tumult increased. "I think, sir," said the chairman, turning to Mr. Hetherington, "since it

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does not seem to be the mind of the meeting to hear you, you had better withdraw your motion."

"I must crave a hearing, sir," replied Mr. Hetherington; "I will not withdraw my motion for clamour."

"Gentlemen," said the chairman—there was a lull sufficient to allow *his* voice to be heard—"gentlemen, as chairman of this meeting, I must insist upon Mr. Hetherington being heard." Cries of "No, no!" "No saints here!" "Down with cant!" cat-calls and hisses.

Chairman: "This is unfair, illegal." Cries of "We don't want his motion; we won't hear his cant."

Chairman: "Mr. Hetherington, you see the sense of the meeting is against you; you surely will not persevere."

Mr. Hetherington: "I must persevere, sir; I cannot be so put down."

Chairman: "Then, gentlemen, this tumult must be abated, or I will leave the chair."

This determination produced a little quiet, during which Mr. Hetherington read his motion, and again attempted to address the audience. But his voice could not be heard except by those close to him, and he sat down. Mr. G. Newton then rose and said:—

"Mr. Chairman, in rising to second the motion of my friend Mr. Hetherington, I beg to say"— Here the noises again commenced; but, elevating his voice, and looking steadily at that part of the room whence they proceeded, Mr. Newton thundered, "I beg to say, that if these interruptions be continued, I shall take care that the names of those whence they proceed be duly reported."

There was a look of astonishment, and an immediate cessation of clamour.

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"I have my eye upon these interruptors, Mr. Chairman. I shall faithfully report *their* speeches, if the language in which they are delivered can be expressed by the English alphabet. Their overwhelming eloquence shall not be lost to the world." (Loud laughter.) "My note-book is ready."

Here Mr. Newton held up in one hand a note-book, in the other a pencil.

"We have heard a great deal about cant, Mr. Chairman, and we often hear a great deal about solicitude for the interests of the working classes. Perhaps my learned friend of the law will favour us with a definition of cant and another of benevolence. Were *I* to define cant, I should state it to be 'a false pretence, made for the purpose of obtaining applause or money.' Now, if the directors of a railway run Sunday trains under pretence of benevolence to the working man, when their real motive is to swell their own exchequer, I should denominate that pretence 'cant.'" (Hisses and cries of order, in the midst of which Mr. Newton, after looking at certain gentlemen, coolly pencilled their names in his book.) "I submit, Mr. Chairman, that I am quite in order—at least if my learned friend was in order when, at a former meeting, he applied the designation of 'cant' to another mode of action. Suppose that Sabbath trains were not remunerative, let me ask my learned friend whether his zeal for the operative classes would induce him to continue them?" (A voice: "No, for that would prove they were not wanted.") "They would still be wanted by many; it were very hard to deprive them of Sunday trains merely because a number sufficient to pay do not want them. Benevolence is ever ready to make sacrifices; benevolence extends to the few as well as to the many. But, sir, there

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is no benevolence in the matter. The servants of the company are deprived of the day of rest altogether. Station keepers, refreshment providers, innkeepers, numbers of persons, must wholly forego the day of rest, in order that others may—not rest, but travel.

"And, sir, all those persons, those who work and those who travel, may in consequence lose their souls." ("Oh!" "Oh!" "Cant!") "I repeat it, sir, this is a temptation to men to *lose their souls*, by direct disobedience to their Creator; by depriving and being deprived of the time which he has consecrated to the care of the soul. Mr Chairman, this is a solemn consideration for professedly Christian men. This is not benevolence.

"But I have heard honestly indicated what I consider the real motive for running Sunday trains,—the profits of the shareholders will thereby be increased. Mr. Chairman, even if that be the case, I should call that increase 'the *wages of iniquity*.'" (Great tumult and confusion, and fresh notes in Mr. Newton's book). When it had subsided he proceeded. "I covet not such gains; but I question whether one shilling will be gained. I question whether much will not be lost. You will not get religious servants, and you all know that conscientious men make the best servants. You will get servants without consciences. (No! no! and hisses.) No man who reveres the command of God will work on Sabbath, and where is the foundation of morality except in the command of God? You will not get *strong* servants, men of bodily ability for their work. Worn out with toil, toil, every day without intermission, how can you expect your servants to be constantly on the alert? Without conscientiousness, without such bodily vigour as

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remission of work gives, your railway cannot be so well conducted as those where the Sabbath is respected. There will be more frequent thefts, more frequent accidents. Accidents are expensive things; one accident will swallow up the gain of many Sundays; and Sunday trains will induce accidents, by depriving the servants of conscience and of vigour, by making them careless and listless. There are two northern lines nearly parallel; the one keeps the Sabbath, the other breaks it. Of the Sabbath-breaking line I have heard it said repeatedly, 'Oh! we will not go by that line, accidents are so frequent upon it.' Notwithstanding its Sunday gains, I believe that line is a losing speculation. Mr. Chairman, I have pleasure in seconding the motion of Mr. Hetherington."

Then Mr. Miles arose to move the previous question. "Mr. Chairman," said he, "I rise as the advocate of the operative classes (a sarcastic smile sat upon the dignified features of Mr. Williamson), as the advocate of the working man, whom the tyranny of cant would deprive of his inalienable rights. Sunday is the poor man's day. (Cheers.) Sunday is his day of weekly release from grinding toil. On Sunday he is a free man; his shackles fall off on Sunday; the implements of labour drop from his hands; he walks abroad, or rides, to breathe the pure air of the heavens, to inhale the balm of the flowers, to listen to the murmur of limpid streams, and the music of the groves, and the hoarse thunder of the sea. (Loud cheers.) Who dare deprive the working man of this liberty, sir? Who dare say to him, 'you shall sit in the sweltering town, in the steam of the alehouse.' (A voice, 'We'll shut them.') Who says we'll shut them? Who will deny

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the poor man his pot of beer? I say, sir, where is the fanatic who will mew the poor man up in the unwholesome town, and deny him a railway trip to the beauties of nature or the glories of art, or the friend or relative who waits for him at the station? (Cheers.) Surely, sir, the author of nature never meant it to be shut out from thousands of his human creatures—surely he meant them to view creation on Sunday! Down with the gloom of fanaticism, which would compel them to spend that day in sighs and tears, amid smoke and dust and mud, instead of under the pure canopy of heaven! Yes, sir, the philanthropist hears from every grove, from every hill, from every star, a voice saying, 'Come hither, and behold me!' (Loud cheers.) Sir, it is treason against our species not to obey that voice, ('And fill your pockets.'—Hisses, ironical cheers, tumult, and 'put him out.') No, sir, the days of puritanical cant and fanatic gloom are ended; the chains of the labouring man are loosened (cheers), his fetters fall off (loud cheers), the wings of his soul expand, and the puffing engine carries him away to liberty and health and life!" Loud and prolonged cheering; after which Mr. Williamson supported Mr. Miles, instancing the Barmouth railway as an example of the large profits of Sunday traffic.

The rest of the speeches are not worth recording. They were such as might be expected from keen mercantile men, and careless country gentleman. There was but one exception, that of Mr. Trevor, the proprietor of a small estate in the western part of the county. He was a man of sincere benevolence, whose life was spent in the improvement of his tenants, and the relief of the poor. He honestly believed that Sunday trains would be for the benefit of the working-

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classes, and voted for them accordingly. A school friendship had subsisted between Mr. Newton and himself, and it had continued in after life, much as they differed upon important matters. The two friends, though ranged on opposite sides, cordially shook hands,—hands which were held up for different motions. The second motion was carried by a large majority, in the midst of vociferous cheering.

"I congratulate *you* on your successful determination to obtain a hearing," said Mr. Trevor, "though I congratulate myself on the loss of your motion."

"Dine with me, Trevor," said Mr. Newton.

"With pleasure," replied Mr. Trevor. "Is your sister well?"

"Quite well; she will be with us to-day; she was to come to hear the result of the meeting."

"Which side does she take?"

"Can *you* ask?"

"Alas! no; we have the misfortune to differ on those points,—always. But the end we pursue is the same," said Mr. Trevor, with a sigh.

"Will you go with me now; or have you business before dinner?"

"There is a poor creature in the infirmary whom I sent thither; I wish to go and inquire for her."

"Then we shall see you some time before dinner."

"Yes."

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CHAPTER XII.

BE NOT UNEQUALLY YOKED.

"If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not again;
If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learned no more:
Yet often will thought look back, and weep over early affection."

MARTIN TUPPER.

MR. TREVOR arrived about half-an-hour before dinner; Miss Newton, not so soon. Mrs. Newton and the children were in the drawing-room, and Mr. Trevor was soon engaged in a game of romps with them, although he often looked rather anxiously at the door, and two or three times out of the window.

"Aunt Eleanor is coming, Mr. Trevor; are not you glad?" said Charlotte.

"Are not *you* glad, Chatty?"

"Yes, very glad. Look what a pretty book she gave me."

Mr. Trevor opened it, and sighed. He closed it immediately.

"Oh, you don't like it? Well, here is one she gave Frank."

"Let us hide the handkerchief," said Mr. Trevor. "Shut your eyes, and I will hide."

The child thought no more of the books. To Mr. Trevor they had conveyed the assurance that Miss Newton was unchanged in her sentiments on the most important of all subjects.

At length she came, and the little ones jumped about

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her. When she saw Mr. Trevor she almost started, she quite blushed; yet she spoke without embarrassment. There was evident trepidation in the manner of Mr. Trevor.

"Your brother told me you were coming to hear the result of the meeting, Miss Newton," he said, when inquiries after her father were finished. "*My* side has gained." He smiled, but there was no triumph in his manner.

"I am sorry for it, Mr. Trevor," she replied. "I fear it will demoralize the whole of the line."

"Depend upon it, the town public houses will be emptied."

"The Barmouth Railway has not emptied them, then, you confess."

"Well, my good antagonist," cried Mr. Newton, who now entered the room, "my arguments could not shake your opinion; but I greatly fear the result of your victory will. I do wish you saw the sea-side railway for a whole Sabbath."

"I have no doubt that it collects and centralizes the vagabondism of the neighbourhood, but it does not create it. It collects to soften it—to impart to it a better character. And then, it affords benefit to many a pent up artizan."

"It is not of much use to argue the case now," said Mr. Newton; "but I hope to find you on the right side in a year or two. Experience will convince you. Take Mrs. Newton to dinner."

During dinner, Mr. Trevor informed Miss Newton that he had heard of her at the infirmary in the forenoon. "You take an interest in poor Kitty Calaghan," he said.

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"I do," she replied, "a great interest, which has latterly been a very painful one."

"What, is that about the priest and the Bible?"

"Yes; the proceedings of the authorities have been shameful," replied Miss Newton.

"But you know, Miss Newton, we must not take advantage of an institution of public charity to interfere with the religion of the inmates."

"A Christian is bound, by every consideration of philanthropy and of *duty*, to make known the Scriptures to the ignorant *wherever* he may find them," replied Miss Newton, rather warmly.

"But if that interfere with their religion?" inquired Mr. Trevor.

"Then you think that Great Britain ought to have been left under the dominion of the Druids?" said Miss Newton. "*Our* religion was once Druidism."

"Oh, time would have cured that."

"When? if nobody had interfered with it."

"Why, to be sure; but I do not think that Roman Catholics ought to be interfered with."

"And that we ought to have been left in the darkness of the middle ages?"

"Well, but what was that story about the Bible? I could not understand it.

"Bibles were given to all the patients. Some of the Roman Catholics had become exceedingly attached to them, Kitty Calaghan among the rest. The priest came, found some of them reluctant to receive his visits, and insisted that all whom he called *his* people should be made to give up their Bibles. He was allowed to take them all away."

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"What! against the wishes of the invalids themselves?"

"Yes, in spite of the tears and pleadings of many."

"Abominable! they might as well have been slaves, not freemen."

"All good Catholics are slaves; and, moreover, the priest required that he should be admitted to visit and discipline them, whether they desired it or not, and *this* was granted. You may suppose whether such a thing would have been allowed to any Protestant minister."

"I do not see," said Mr. Newton, "how, in a free country, any one can be said to *belong* to a priest, otherwise than by his own free will."

"Certainly not," replied Mr. Trevor. "There ought to be no compulsion in religion in Great Britain."

"Yet the managers of the infirmary have converted it into a sort of inquisition, by permitting the priest to use it for the purposes of tyranny when and how he pleases," said Miss Newton.

"This must be attended to," said Mr. Trevor.

"Compulsion is the essence of the Romish religion," Mr. Newton observed. "It is 'catholic' in nothing but chains, mental or bodily."

"Britons never will be slaves," said Mr. Trevor.

"Let them look well to their liberties, then," replied Mr. Newton; "there is a great conspiracy against them."

"Aided by the blindness of Protestants," said Miss Newton.

Miss Newton left early; she seldom liked to be absent from her father to a late hour. Mr. Trevor remained with Mr. Newton all night.

He saw Miss Newton alone next morning. "May I

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hope," he said, "that, although we still differ on some points, we are agreed on so many as to induce you to change the resolution which has long given me so much pain?"

"No, Mr. Trevor, I have not changed it."

"I saw that my railway vote pained you: should there be another struggle, I will abstain from voting at all."

"*That* could make no difference in my determination."

"Do not speak of *determination*, Miss Newton. I hope to show you that, interested as we both are in the welfare of the lower classes, and devoted to labouring for the good of our fellow creatures, we should be far more useful, and (*I*, at least) far happier, working together than separately."

"Not, when we think so differently about the *means* of doing good."

"But I should leave you at perfect liberty to pursue your own plans."

"Though quite in opposition to yours!"

"Oh! not in all things; not in *many* things."

"In *essential* things."

"You know how deeply I have loved you, Miss Newton. That love was excited by the very character which seems to forbid your loving me. But it *can* be so no longer. Surely you will now unsay that terrible word."

Miss Newton was much moved, yet her resolution was unchanged.

"No;" she replied. "Once more, I entreat you to give up this fruitless endeavour to alter my resolution. Seek a younger and a brighter bride."

"Do you pretend to be an *old* maid, Miss Newton?"

"Yes, I do; my hair is growing gray."

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"I care not though it were white. Time only increases my esteem."

"For esteem I thank you, and most cordially do I return it. But believe me, more than friend I can never call you."

"Is it solely because of my views on religious subjects, or is there any other obstacle; any other—?"

"The difference in our religious views is an *insurmountable* obstacle, Mr. Trevor," replied Miss Newton.

"Yet, perhaps, there is another." Miss Newton's voice faltered. "You are aware of the past," she said; "and even were there not the religious obstacle, I scarcely think that the feelings of youth could return."

"At least let us be *friends* for ever," said Mr. Trevor, as they parted. "Perhaps a change may come."

"I shall pray that it may come *to you*," replied Miss Newton.

"Friends for ever!" Mr. Trevor's parting words rang in her memory. "Shall it really be for *ever?*" she mentally inquired; "or will the waters of that bourne whence no traveller returns separate us eternally? It is only those who have one faith, one hope, one Saviour, who shall be friends *for ever*. God grant that a change may indeed come over him!" Mr. Trevor always appeared to Miss Newton like the young man in the Gospel, whom, when Christ beheld, he loved, and yet on whom he sadly pronounced the sentence, "One thing thou lackest." That *one thing*, the supreme attachment to Christ, which impels the soul to part with all for him, Mr. Trevor lacked. Most benevolent, most amiable, otherwise, God, and God's law, were nothing to him; the righteousness of Christ, the claims of

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Christ, he treated with indifference. She prayed for him, she wept for him; but she could not, she dared not, love him, otherwise than with the love of compassion. His long attachment to herself pained her; yet once she had been conscious of regret, when rumour had connected his name with that of a giddy, fashionable girl. Could it be vanity? Could it be coquetry, on her part, she thought? No, it was not; it was sincere concern lest he should be drawn into the vortex of gay life, and so extinguish her latent hope that he might at length be brought to the foot of the cross.

But there were precious ones departed, of whom she *could say*, "We shall be friends for ever!" and often, in an hour of loneliness and depression, for cheerful as she habitually was, and occupied in her Master's work, she *had* at times such feelings, it was a sweet solace to think of the *home-circle* that was gathering above, of the familiar faces and loving hearts, in the midst of which she hoped to rest, when her earthly work was done. "We shall meet again," was almost a cure for present solitude, and still deeper solitude anticipated, when the beloved father she now tended so devotedly should have taken his place among them. "We shall meet again," in sweeter society, more holy fellowship, than ever we knew on earth. And even *the one* so early and so suddenly lost, *he* shall be there, and "we shall be friends for ever!"

Yet Miss Newton felt it requisite, sometimes, to curb even those thoughts which bore so much the aspect of sanctity; they were but *earthly* thoughts, after all,—dreams of *human* love, transferred to the locality of heaven. "These are the accessories of heaven," she said; "its true blessedness lies

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in the presence of Christ; to be with him—to see him as he is. Let me cultivate communion with him here, so shall I rejoice in fellowship with him there." She might have added, "so shall I enjoy days of heaven upon earth."

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CHAPTER XIII.

CHARITY.

"Love and believe, for works will follow spontaneous,
Even as day does the sun; the Right from the Good is an offspring.
Love, in a bodily shape, and Christian works, are no more than
Animate Love and Faith, as flowers are the animate springtide."
LONGFELLOW'S *Translation of the Swedish of* BISHOP TEGNER.

MISS NEWTON was a welcome visitor in the families of her brother's workmen. She soon discovered want or distress among them; and her aid was given in the most judicious manner. She was averse to undermine the feeling of independence where it existed, or to cherish a contrary spirit where she perceived it; and consequently her labours were usually directed towards the enabling of poor women to make their homes comfortable by their own exertions. In sickness, or unavoidable poverty, she readily afforded relief.

She found great variety of circumstances, even among those whose wages were the same. One woman would have her six children well taught, decently clothed, and abundantly fed, in a clean, tidy house; while another, with only two or three, lived in the midst of confusion, dirt, ignorance, and poverty. One was seldom seen in a bustle, always "redd up," could sit down drest to her sewing, and set out her husband's meals "as if he'd been a gentleman;" while another had always her gown tucked up, her hands immersed in meal or dirty water, washing dishes and pans, or scouring the floor; "running-up" a torn frock, "till she had time to mend it right;" pushing aside the litter on the table, "to get a corner for the goodman's dinner," or

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standing talking to a neighbour with a child in her arms, or her hands on her sides. One family had every comfort, and money in the savings' bank, while another, with the same means, and pretty nearly the same necessary expenses, never had a penny in hand, but depended upon the week's wages for the payment of the week's debts, or kept a running account at the shop. The difference lay in the difference of *management*, of the habits of industry and frugality.

But there was no *squalid* misery except among the Irish labourers, those who did the lowest work, at the lowest wages. Not that their wages were insufficient to support them; they might have done so, though in a lower grade than the more skilful workmen—and indeed *a few* of them seemed really comfortable—but their habits of indolence and waste, and gross mismanagement, would have kept others poor upon any wages.

There was one Irish widow, however, whose morsel of a room was a picture of neatness, and who never complained of want. She had two sons, one of whom went to sea, and was heard of no more. The other was a fine steady lad, and by charing and knitting, she had procured him an "edication," of which she was very proud. He was taken into Mr. Newton's employment, and rewarded his mother's affection by steadiness in business, and attention to her comfort. But he was seized with fever and died, and the brain of his poor mother was turned with sorrow. A disease in the head weakened her intellect; still she laboured to support herself without being chargeable to any one. She could think and speak of little but her son; it was impossible to fix her attention upon another subject.

"Och! my boy, my dutiful boy!" she would exclaim,

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"How beautiful he wud read to me ov an evenin'. And up in the mornin' wid the lark he would be, singin' and whistlin' to the sunshine; and thin he would sprid a towel so white and clean on a chair for my brikfast, and say 'Now, mother, sit down comfortable.' And he was handsome, my lady, a handsome boy; and proud I was ov my boy, and the edication I gav' him. Think ov him, my lady, bringin' his arnins to me, wid 'Mother avourneen, ye have wrought hard for me, it's right that I should work for you now.' Och! my boy, my beautiful boy, he died in my arms and went to heaven; and I could not go wid him, my lady, but staid in the could, could world, and I thought that my heart would brik. And there's a confusion in my head, and a ringin' in my ears; and I sit alone and greet till I get some work to keep me from thinkin'."

Often Miss Newton tried to lead her to the source of true consolation, but in vain. The answer usually was, "Yes, my lady, my son used to read to me; an' och, when I think ov him, my lady, and how he died, and he was my all, and a beautiful boy he was!" The sluice thus opened, the torrent went on, of tender and beautiful, but incoherent ravings, which it was impossible to stop.

She never sought charity, never complained of want, though it was a wonder how her scanty earnings supported her.

One day Miss Newton sent for her to do some work, and was deeply grieved when her servant told her she was afraid that Kathleen had got spirits, she was so stupid and unsteady. Miss Newton went herself to the kitchen to see; it was even so, there could be no doubt about the matter—her work was curtailed, and she was dismissed.

Next day Miss Newton went to Kathleen's house. She

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seemed as if she scarcely dared to look up or to speak. "Kathleen," said Miss Newton, "how grieved I was to see the state you were in last night."

"Och, my lady, but I was not incapable; I was quite able for my work."

"But you had got too much spirits, Kathleen."

"Well, my lady, I'll tell no lies about the matter. It was the annivarsary ov my son's death, and I had had no pleasure for two years; and I thought I'd take somethin' to raise my spirits, for Mrs. M'Menamy had owed me a shilling for a fortnight and paid me that day. So I just sent out for some gin, and I tuk it; and instead o' raisin' my spirits, I set down on Misthress Thibb's fender an' grat; an' she reprimanded me vera sore, my lady, and I knowed you would do the same."

"Indeed, Kathleen, it was a bad way of raising your spirits. I should be grieved to think that you had taken to drinking."

"Oh, my lady! no; no; for the doctor does'nt allow me spirits for my head. It's niver the woman I am to take spirits; but bein' the annivarsary ov my son's death."

Miss Newton could scarcely suppress a smile; she gave the poor creature a little counsel, and warned her against ever again trying to raise her spirits in so unwise a way.

"Thank you, my lady, for all your kindness, and thank ye for yer reprimand; I knowed I wud get it as sure as I saw you," was the reply.

From Kathleen's room Miss Newton proceeded to Greencourt, where she found Alie tidy and busy as usual, and James gone to work again. She made some inquiries about

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Mrs. Tyndal and Archie before going up stairs to visit the former. She was glad to hear that Archie was now conducting himself soberly, keeping steadily at work; but grieved to find that at nights, and on Sabbath days, he was too much with Jackson and other scoffers."

"I do not think he ever goes to church," said Alie. "His poor mother is almost broken-hearted about it."

"In that case I fear his sobriety will not last long," said Miss Newton.

"He is saving his money to begin housekeeping with," replied Alie. "He wishes Jane to live with his mother, but she insists upon having a house of her own, and having the furniture paid for as we had. It is this I think that keeps him from drinking. I hope it may continue after the marriage."

"At all events, the habit of self-denial, which he is acquiring at present, is good," replied Miss Newton.

"It is ma'am; but nothing but *principle* will last."

"I have good news for you, Alie. The Saturday half-holiday is quite resolved upon," said Miss Newton.

"Delightful!" cried Alie; "What time there will be for walking and reading, and all kinds of things!"

"My brother hopes it will assist Sabbath keeping."

"It *ought* to do so, I am sure. How grateful we all ought to be to Mr. Newton."

"My brother has long wished it; but he was anxious that some other masters should begin it with him, that it might become a general thing. However, he cannot persuade any of them to do so, except Mr. Richardson, who approves of it highly. On Saturday first they will both intimate it to their men at paying time."

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"None of them will grudge the little reduction of wages," said Alie.

"My brother will not reduce the wages at all."

"Not reduce the wages, Miss Newton, when he reduces the work!"

"No. He thinks he will get quite as much work done in the week, for the men will be stronger, and more willing. But however that may be, he would not give them so equivocal a benefit as one they had to pay for."

"Oh! Miss Newton, this is really too good."

"My brother feels it to be a master's duty to consider both the mental and bodily welfare of his men," said Miss Newton.

"And well he performs that duty, ma'am. He is a pattern master. I hope none of his men will be ungrateful."

"He has every reason to be satisfied with them, Alie; they all remained at work during the strike."

"*That* was quite as much for their own benefit as for the master's, Miss Newton. We were all comfortable, when many were starving."

"Thus it is, Alie, that duty brings its own reward, both to masters and men," replied the lady.

There was great joy, on the announcement, that in future the men would be paid at twelve o'clock on Saturday, and not required to go to work the rest of the day. The generosity implied in not reducing their wages affected them. It bound them to their master and to goodness by a new tie.

Mr. Richardson, who had agreed to give the half holiday along with Mr. Newton, was a cabinetmaker and uphol-

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sterer on a large scale. Men employed about feathers, and hair, and moreen, and varnish, in heated rooms; warehousemen and sewing girls needed fresh air and healthful exercise far more than builders who wrought out of doors; and, accordingly, to them it was a boon still greater than to Mr. Newton's men. Why could not the factory and the glasshouse men have had it too? Let us hope they will in time.

Miss Newton had another visit to pay that forenoon. The wife of a labourer—Irish of course—had sent to her to beg some old clothes for herself, and "a cast off Testament" for her little boy, who was at a charity school. The demands from this family were incessant, although others subsisted comfortably on the same wages.

Miss Newton found Mrs. Keenan full of complaints. "She was so weak and poorly," she said, "she must really have some kitchening with the potatoes. She had no heart to make the meat yesterday, and had sent out for a loaf for her husband's dinner."

"Oh! Mrs. Keenan," said Miss Newton, "a marrow-bone, a bit of barley, and a pennyworth of vegetables, would have cost less, and have made a comfortable, nourishing meal for all of you."

"True, my lady; but I had no heart, and what can the hands do widout the heart?"

"You ought to have roused yourself; and pease-soup, you know, that I taught you to make, how little trouble it is; I am sure you would all like that, for which I gave you the materials last week."

"Och! my lady, but I thought it 'ud be best to set it on over night, an' it was all burned i' the morning."

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Miss Newton turned away with a sigh; to tutor Mrs. Keenan seemed hopeless.

"I'm sure yer goodness, my lady, to take as much thrubble wid us; ye'll be repaid for it, an' I pray for blessins on yer head; but I'm sure I'm bate to know what to do wid my husband's Sunday coat. He's gone to church rig'lar, since you gav' him that ould one ov Misther Newton's; but it's far through now; an' if I could scrape as much as to get him a second hand one; for I desire him to go rig'lar to church."

"I think it cannot be worn out yet; let me see it," replied Miss Newton.

The coat was brought, and a piece of black cloth fell out of it. The button-holes and cuffs were ragged.

"This bit of cloth will make new cuffs," said Miss Newton. "Do that, and work over the button-holes afresh, and the coat will last a long time."

"I do it!" cried the woman, with a look of astonishment.

"Yes; *I* could do it quite easily."

"Och! my lady; but my hands is not like yours!"

"Why not, Mrs. Keenan? Let me see them."

Mrs. Keenan held out a rather delicately shaped hand which it was plain had never been *thrubbled* with too much hard work.

"Well, Mrs. Keenan, if my hands could do it, I am sure yours might. You need it more than I."

"Och! my lady; but it's jist them that needs it most that can do it least."

This was the philosophy of the whole matter. Miss Newton could only reply, "It ought not to be so." She

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did not think it proper to encourage Mrs. Keenan's indolence, by even assisting her "to get a second hand coat."

"Mary," she observed to a great, lazy, open mouthed girl, "suppose you tidy away those dishes, and clean the room for your mother."

The girl seized an old brush, and dashing it through the dust, raised such a commotion, as to make Miss Newton sneeze.

"Ye dunce of a donkey," screamed the mother, "cannot ye do somethin' else than raise the dust till the lady be gone."

Sulkily the girl proceeded to "tidy" the dishes; but a great rag that hung from her sleeve caught the spout of a tea-pot, which was perched upon a breakfast cup, which was set inside a basin, which stood upon two saucers on the edge of the table; and the whole were whirled down with a crash upon the ground.

Och! ye lazy loitering jade, is it never ye'll learn to do a thing like another clever woman. Take that to tache ye to rin smashin the things we yer tidying, an that, an that;" cried the virago, accompanying each word with a thump and a shake.

Miss Newton retreated, feeling much like a criminal.

She returned home rather sadly. "Is it something inherent in the Irish character," she said to herself, "which keeps these people always in dirt and misery? Indolence and wasting seem quite natural to them. And yet my brother declares that the Irish are his best labourers, though they seldom rise above that grade. The Neapolitan peasantry, and those of the Popish Swiss cantons, are remarkably like the Irish in their habits. It *must* be the debasing nature of their religion. Ireland was superior to England,

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before she became Popish. We see in Ballinglen, and other mission schools, what the Irish can and will become, when emancipated from the chains of mental bondage. The best boon to Ireland is the Bible. It alone can make the nation happy."

There was a poor girl waiting for her in the kitchen. "Oh! Miss Newton," she exclaimed, "my mother has sent me to say we have not had a morsel of food since yesterday morning; that the last blanket was taken to get it. For pity's sake, good lady, gie me something to get some bread."

"Is your father not working, Molly?" Miss Newton inquired.

"No, Ma'am; he's ill in bed."

"Ill, of what?"

"I dinna know; may be the measles."

"And your mother?"

"Lyin' on the floor ill; she canna stir."

"How much gin did you buy for them last night?"

The girl was silent.

"I know how it is, Molly. I will not give you any money, nor anything that can be sold for gin. *You* shall have a basin of soup to take here, and when you go home, send your two little brothers for some."

"Oh! ma'am, if you please, we never get gin."

"Molly, do you know what becomes of liars?"

"Yes, if you please, ma'am."

"Then, how dreadful it is to tell lies."

The girl began to whimper, and Miss Newton left her.

"That wretched gin," she soliloquized. "It is the source of nearly all the abject poverty that afflicts our land! Just as popery is the bane of Ireland."

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CHAPTER XIV.

A STRANGER.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—*Proverbs* xxii. 6.

A YEAR and a quarter after the opening of our story, a small stranger, with blue winking eyes, red pouting and smiling lips, and little sprawling, helpless hands, as soft as velvet, had made James Collins very proud and very happy.

"A penny for your thoughts, Alie!" cried Mrs. Harrison, who had opened the door unseen and unheard by the owner of the room, as she sat with her infant on her knee, gazing into the fire, in deep meditation.

Alie started. "Oh, Peggy!" she said, "I did not hear you come in."

"I think not; so, fancying your thoughts very deep, I offered you a penny for them."

"You shall have them, Peggy. I was just thinking how strange it is that this little helpless thing must live on for ever and ever, when the world, and all things in it, shall have passed away; and that much depends upon me whether it shall be happy or miserable all those millions and millions of years."

"Aye, aye, Alie, its very well moralizing about the *first*, when it's an infant; but, when three or four comes, and they grow up rampaging creatures, they will just do ill or well, as they like, in spite of you," said Mrs. Harrison.

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"But a mother should control the first *from the first*," replied Alie, "and set it in the right way, and then its example will help her with the rest."

"Oh, woman! nobody can find in her heart to be harsh with the first!"

"I don't think harshness will do at all," said Alie.

"They never grow obedient without a good thrashing; and it is a while before ye dare give that to a tender thing. I could never thump till I was in a passion."

"I mean to try never to do it *in* a passion," said Alie.

"Hout, woman, 'bachelor's wives, and maiden's bairns,' and you are little better than a maiden yet," cried Mrs. Harrison.

"I haven't come to the difficulties yet, I know," said Alie; but I have been giving the wee thing to the Lord, and asking *Him* to teach me to bring it up for himself. Oh, Peggy! I want it to be one of his own lambs." A tear dropt upon the baby's face, as she spoke, and Mrs. Harrison said,

"Dinna take the thing so solemnly—a bairn needs to be brought up with the laugh and the song."

"And the laugh and the song she shall have, my wee bit lassie," said Alie; "but she shall have the *prayer* too, Peggy. The one will not do without the other."

"Well, I never thought of prayer; I think that won't do much for them," said Mrs. Harrison.

"I think there's nobody but God *can* do much for them, and prayer is just seeking *his* aid," replied Alie.

As she said this, Miss Vicars entered. She was the daughter of Alie's mistress; but having been attracted to St. ——'s church by the music and theatrical adorn-

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ments, had become a confirmed tractarian. She had devoted herself to works of charity, but in a very different spirit from that which actuated Miss Newton. She was working to gain heaven—Miss Newton wrought to evince her love and gratitude to Him who had purchased heaven for her.

"Well, Alie," she said, "I am glad to see you so well and comfortable. How that dear infant is growing! When is it to be made a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven? When are its sins to be washed away in the baptismal font? For until then it is in danger."

"It is to be baptized next Sunday, ma'am."

"Happy child! Alie, I had a dream about you, for you know you have ever interested me. I dreamed that I heard heavenly music through the mist of an early summer morning; then, as the vapour cleared away in the sunshine, the tower and pinnacles of a church became visible, and the pealing of its bells mingled with the celestial strain. An angel descended with a white robe, and the gates of the sacred edifice unfolded to receive him. He stood by the font, invisible to every eye but mine, till you entered with your infant clothed in black. The holy rite was performed, and as the cleansing water touched the child, the black robe dropped from it, and that of shining white was put on by the angel. Then I saw another angel with two scrolls. He erased the child's name from the scroll of death, and placed it in the book of life, and called it a child of God."

With some astonishment Alie listened to this rhodomontade, and then she quickly said, "It is my constant prayer, Miss Vickars, that my baby's name may be written in the

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book of life, and that she may be clothed with the righteousness of Christ."

"That is done in baptism, Alie," replied Miss Vickars. "I fear you are scarcely aware of the preciousness of that holy rite—the instrument of regeneration."

"I know it is the outward and visible sign, Miss Vickars, and I pray that with it God may give the inward and spiritual grace."

"Every baptized child is regenerated, Alie," said Miss Vickars.

Alie scarcely knew whether to reply or not. She felt unable for argument, but did not quite like Miss Vickars to suppose her convinced.

By a happy coincidence, Mr. Cargill, the town missionary, came to visit at that moment. Miss Vickars looked at him witheringly, moved towards the door, and requested Alie to speak with her one minute.

"Let me warn you against that man," she said. "He teaches without being duly authorized. His teaching is not the teaching of the Church."

"I think, ma'am," said Alie, respectfully, "it is the teaching of the Bible."

"My poor Alie," said Miss Vickars, compassionately, "dost thou presume to interpret the Bible? Flee such danger, throw thyself into the arms of the Church."

Miss Vickars took leave, and Alie hastened to relate to Mr. Cargill what had passed between them.

"Poor young lady!" said the missionary; "I often meet with her among the poor, and lament to see benevolence so mistaken. Her influence is very mischievous, in turning away the minds of the ignorant from faith in Christ and

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holiness imparted by the Spirit, to mere forms and outward observances. You, Mrs. Collins, know that regeneration is not always imparted in baptism."

"Indeed, sir," replied Alie, "the wicked lives of too many baptized persons prove that."

"The Puseyites say," continued the missionary, "that people may fall away from the grace received in baptism."

"What, then, do they consider the use of that grace?" asked Alie.

"It would be difficult to tell," replied the missionary. "From the word of God we gather that regeneration is the work of the Holy Spirit, whereby a new spiritual life is infused into the soul, a life which is immortal. It may be weak at first, but, like natural life, will strengthen till the new creature arrive at maturity, be made fit for heaven."

"I would have no confidence in praying for my child," said Alie, "unless I believed that God can *keep* her in the ways of righteousness as well as *lead* her to them."

"Right," said the missionary. "The soul that Christ loves he loves for ever. 'My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.' When temptation is strong, and the evil heart is strong within us, this is our security. The Saviour prayed, 'Holy Father, *keep* through thine own name those whom thou hast given me.'"

"Some people say," observed Alie, "that this is an encouragement to sin."

"To be kept in the ways of *holiness* an encouragement to go into the paths of vice! Is *that* the danger, Alie?"

"Why, sir, that is just ridiculous."

"Holiness is a great part of salvation. No man was ever

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taken to heaven without being made fit for it. We cannot be saved *in* our sins; God undertakes to save us *out* of our sins. Regeneration is the change of heart by which the love of sin is taken away. The way to heaven is just the way of holiness,—no other road leads thither. What God engages to do, when we give ourselves heartily to him, is to keep us in that way. And that, I presume, is what you ask for your child?"

"Yes, sir; that God would put her into his fold, among the lambs, and keep her there."

"And, Alie, if you ask this sincerely, if you sincerely give her to God in baptism, you will strive to bring her up in his love and fear, and show her, by your own example, that religion is a *good* thing, a *happy* thing."

"I do not like to speak of the faults of others," said Alie, "especially when they are good people; but I think that poor Mrs. Tyndal has done only the half of her duty; she seems to have instructed her son well, but not to have corrected him."

"Ah, yes! she laments that now. Both are needed; and poor Mrs. Harrison, again, corrects without thought or method, only when she is in a passion. *My* mother, Alie, when we did wrong,—I mean, so as to need severe punishment,—took us to a room alone, told us of our sin, made us kneel down with her in prayer, and then administered the correction. We never *rebelled*,—we felt that she did it from duty and love, and that it grieved her."

"How different from Mrs. Harrison's shaking and pushing, and the screaming and kicking of the children," said Alie.

"Yet my mother never allowed us to conquer her.

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Her commands were always *just*, and *right*, and we *must* obey them."

"It needs great *wisdom* to bring up a child," said Alie thoughtfully.

"It does," replied the missionary, wiping from his eye a tear which the remembrance of his beloved mother had brought. "Many people err by constantly checking and reproving for mere trifles, and giving injudicious orders. Children soon see this, and lose *respect* for their parent. It is a certain way of making them disobedient."

Alie sighed.

"If any one lack wisdom," said the missionary, "let him ask of God. Do not be discouraged by the difficulties, but go on cheerfully and firmly and prayerfully."

"What Miss Vickars said about the *Bible* was strange, Mr. Cargill."

"Just Popish dread of Bible truth, Alie. The Church that forbids the Bible is not *our* Church. If it were I should say, 'Come out of it.'"

"What should we be without the Bible, sir?"

"Exactly what they are in Popish and heathen countries. David says, 'Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.' Without that light we should soon stumble."

"I think, Mr. Cargill, Popery cannot stand without ignorance."

"No, Alie; ignorance is the mother of *her* devotion. But those who *know* the Bible, and love its sacred truths, will not easily submit to give it up, that they may be taught by any Church."

No, no, sir; I remember the Bereans were called *noble*,

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because they searched the Scriptures to see if even the apostles taught them rightly."

Here James came in; the kettle was singing on the fire, and James and Alie begged Mr. Cargill to stay and take a cup of tea with them. He went to visit Mrs. Tyndal, while tea was preparing, and James cleaning himself. They had a nice conversation, and a prayer after tea.

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CHAPTER XV.

RELAPSE.

"Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."—1 Corinthians x. 12.

We left Archie Tyndal firmly resolved against dissipation. He kept his resolution for a considerable time, and gained the approbation of his master, who did not fail to encourage him by a few of those small means of which a wise superior may avail himself to strengthen a young man in the ways of goodness.

Haggarth did not feel so sure of his reformation as his master. He had more opportunity of judging, and he saw that Archie had not quite broken with Jackson, although he was less frequently in his company. He knew the danger of sitting with the scornful. Mrs. Tyndal, too, had her fears. Archie was too confident of his own power to stand, and could not bear the slightest hint of the danger of *ever* associating with his former companions. "There is no need to cut them altogether," he would say. "I can be civil to them, and take a chat at a time, without doing just as they do."

He was now engaged to Jane Harrison, but they determined to copy James and Alie, and wait until they had a little money gathered to furnish their house. Jane would have liked a chat with Alie on Sundays when she got out; but Alie's "*dull*" Sundays were the only thing she did not like about her. She did not understand their quiet happiness, and did not appreciate it.

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Jane was a girl of amiable disposition; her faults were those of bad education, or rather of no education at all; for I do not call the mere learning to read and write, and cypher a little, education. She had had no *training*, either mental or moral; and I am sorry to say this is the case with the greater number of poor people's children. Nevertheless she was liked in her situation, and reputed an honest, tidy, smart, good-tempered lass. Besides this she was decidedly pretty, and quite aware of it, and a little bit of a coquette withal. She had other beaux than Archie Tyndal,—what blithe pretty girl has only one? But though she liked the fun, and the reputation of being admired, she was decided in her preference. She piqued him a little sometimes by a bit of flirtation; but the small quarrel was soon made up. She was perfectly determined, she said, that she would not be married till she could begin like Alie Collins; so Archie worked hard, and saved, that it might be soon. This assisted in no small degree in keeping him from the temptations with which he was surrounded; he wanted his money for other things; he could not spend it in drink.

But he had allowed himself a few times to be "treated," though to a very small extent; and this brought the necessity of returning the favour; and once he had been persuaded to go with Jackson to a dancing room. "Botheration!" he cried, when he looked at his diminished purse, "a week won't make that up. But, positively, a man cannot do without *some* enjoyment. She has a desperate will of her own, that little monkey; I suppose she *will not* have a house till the furniture be paid for."

So the will of "the little monkey" pushed poor Archie in

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one direction, and Jackson, and other "fellows of spirit," in another; and Jackson's advice still was "do not be in a hurry to be noosed." But Archie *was* rather in a hurry. Poor Jane had not the smallest idea that by walking on Sundays with her lover, instead of going to church, she was assisting in the undermining of those principles which alone were a safeguard against evil.

Jackson, Archie, Jane, James, and Alie, and a host of others, were invited to a wedding supper in Cumberland Street. James and Alie declined; the others went; Jane got special leave of absence that night till ten o'clock. Archie saw her home, but returned to the party.

It was quite necessary to make the bridegroom tipsy; it would have been unlucky had he remained sober. All the guests were elevated, some positively drunken. At midnight, Jackson, Tyndal, and two others, went out, but not home, together. After a little frolic on the street, they landed in a tavern, and there did not improve their condition. With some assistance Archie reeled home at five in the morning, and lay in bed all the forenoon.

That day he could not pass without a dram. The collapse and wretchedness were not to be endured. He was tipsy again at night; and knowing what awaited him if he appeared at work, he went regularly upon what workmen call "the ramble" for a week. His fate was sealed; he received his dismissal, according to the inexorable rule of the establishment.

Harrison, Jane's father, had made a change about this time. He had left the Barmouth, and entered the Linton railway, with a small increase of wages. He had now longer runs, but not so frequent. Archie dreaded

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meeting him, lest he should be dismissed from his engagement with Jane; for Harrison, though he "could take a drop at night," was never off work from drinking, notwithstanding that he and the other enginemen were sometimes in a state not altogether safe for the passengers. This was the result of exhaustion, never having a single day's rest, rendering it necessary to take stimulus. But Harrison was regularly at his work; and his intended son-in-law dared not meet him, now that he had thrown himself destitute of employment. His savings were sadly diminished; a very few days he knew must exhaust them. There was an intolerable load upon his heart, which even drink could not wholly dissipate.

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CHAPTER XVI.

CONSEQUENCES.

"Ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak,
Whispers the o'er fraught heart, and bids it break."

SHAKSPEARE.

DREARILY through a thick eastern mist gleamed the light of the December afternoon. Archie Tyndal strolled along uncertain whither to go; his step was slow, for a leaden weight hung on his spirits; his head ached, and his hand trembled. At length he paused on the edge of Dalton Square. The streets were quiet, for it was not a time of business, and there were no loungers, save himself, in the haze. The sun was now low, and it had begun to tinge a portion of the mist with gold. In front was the Waterloo Monument, forming a dark foreground to the square. Looking downwards to the left, his eye rested on the long dim vista of George Street, with the pillars and domes of the Exchange, the spire of St. Enoch's Church, and tall, regular shop windows, magnified and etherialized by the thin vapour of fleece and gold; a poet might have fancied it a fairy dream, or a scene in an enchanted city. Once upon a time Archie Tyndal would have gazed upon it with intense delight; now he looked vacantly up, and pressed his hand upon his forehead in agony.

"Is it come to this?" he said to himself. "My mother was right; she told me *that* man would be my ruin; and I *am* ruined. Where shall I get a character for another

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master? And Jane! Jane! what will she say to me now? Without bread for myself, what can I offer her? Yes, Jane will toss her little saucy head at the penniless drunkard!"

Slowly he crept to the monument, and sitting down upon one of the steps, he buried his face in his hands. A voice startled him. "Archie Tyndal!" it exclaimed, close beside him. He looked up, and Jane was standing by, with a basket in her hand.

"I was *sure* it was you, Archie," she said; "what in the world's the matter with you?"

"Jane!" he cried, in a tone of mingled surprise and despair.

"Yes—Jane, sent out a-shopping; what has come over Archie Tyndal?"

"Go to your shopping, Jane, and never stoop to speak to me more."

"Never stoop to speak to me more! is the lad gone clean crazy?"

"Worse than crazy, Jane; so, if you please, go," said Archie, secretly hoping that after all she would stay.

"I am not going to stay *here*, for all the town to look at us; so, if you please, get up and come along George Street, and tell me what has happened, or may be I never *will* speak to you more," said Jane, turning in the direction indicated. "Are you coming, Archie?"

Archie rose and followed her, then walked by her side.

"Jane Harrison, I am a ruined man!" he said.

Jane's heart began to beat very thick, and she faintly replied, "If you really care for me, Archie, tell me all at once."

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"I was off work again!" said he, chokingly.

"But the master may think you were ill."

"No—he knows it all; I am dismissed."

"Oh, Archie!" was all Jane could say.

"I am a beggar, Jane; never think of me more. You are free to—"

"To marry William Wright," he would have said; but the words died on his lips and his head swam.

"You were wrong, Archie, but I won't be free; unless you want to give me up, I *won't* be free. We'll just wait till better days. You'll get another master."

"Without a character?"

"Pooh! you have hands."

"Jane! Jane!" cried the young man, "how can I thank you? You have put life into me!"

"But you must not take to drinking, Archie," said the girl, stopping at the door of the shop to which she was going.

"No, no, never!" he replied. "Be quick, I'll wait for you."

Jane *was* quick; she speedily rejoined her lover; he had sunk a little during her absence.

"William Wright is sober and well-doing," he said, faintly; "you will be better with him."

"No, I won't, Archie!" she replied, vehemently. "If you are tired of me, you are quite free; but don't speak to me of any body else."

"Tired of you, Jane!—no! My biggest grief is that I am not worthy of you now."

"Wonderful humble we have grown, truly!" said Jane, with a faint laugh.

"Look at that sun," said Archie; "it has never been

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seen all day till now, and it is just like a great red moon through the mist. I have been dark all day; and now, since you spoke to me, there is a hazy light in my heart—a *kind* of hope that it is not all over with me."

"I think some other masters are not so stern," said Jane.

"There's not another so good in the town," replied the young man; "but I cannot help that. Jane," he added, "I must try and keep it from my mother till I get another place. It would break her heart."

"It will not be easy to keep it from her. She will see you are not at work."

"What *can* I say to her?"

"Why, what did you say to me?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"She doesn't scold like *my* mother."

"If she did, if she *would*, I could bear it. It's her sorrow I cannot stand."

"Well, but she *is* a little bit unreasonable sometimes; not to want one to take a walk on a Sunday."

"May be,—but no; well, may be she is a little bit unreasonable—a little bit." And Archie Tyndal repeated "a little bit unreasonable" till he brought himself to think less of his mother's sorrow.

"There's more builders in town than Mr. Newton," said Jane.

"He is the first, and the most honourable; but it cannot be helped," replied Archie.

"First or last, it's all one if you get your wages, I suppose," said Jane; "and it is rather hard to turn a man off for the second offence, as if he was a—"

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"A drunkard!" Jane was going to say, but she choked at the name.

"It *is* hard," replied Archie; but his common sense told him that it was simply this "hardness" which kept Mr. Newton's men "the most respectable set in the place."

"Tell me when you have got other work," said Jane, as they parted. "But mind, Archie, you don't take any drink to cheer you out o' your low spirits."

"I *will not*, Jane."

"May I depend upon you?"

"Yes; if you had turned me off, I would; now I will not."

"Not even to escape your mother's looks?"

"No; cannot you believe me?"

"To be sure I believe you. Good bye, and behave yourself."

"Good bye, Jane, and thank you."

It was no easy matter for Archie to meet his mother; but he had promised Jane not to take drink to cheer him; and though very miserable, he kept his promise. His tea was ready when he went in, and the little room, with its cheerful fire, looked so neat and comfortable, that if his mind had been at ease, he must have enjoyed it. But sin mars all comfort; nothing could give him pleasure. Perhaps he would have preferred a slatternly room and comfortless tea; that would have given something like an excuse to his conscience for his misdeeds.

His mother made no allusion to his conduct; how he wished she had opened the subject!

"I ken ye like a scone, Archie," she said. "I hae made ye a bit."

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"Thank you, mother," he replied, sadly but kindly.

But he could eat little of his favourite "scone." She arose and went to the cupboard.

"I hae a wee bit jeel, made o' the berries Miss Newton gied me. Ye'll may be fancy a bit o' that," she said.

As she brought it to the tea-tray, he laid his head on the table, and sobbed aloud.

"My son," she said solemnly, "are thae tears the tears o' repentance? Gif they be, the Lord is merciful and gracious."

"I wish I *could* repent," said Archie.

"*He* is exalted to give repentance," replied Mrs. Tyndal.

"Mother, I've ruined myself, and I've ruined you. I have made you penniless."

"I know it, my son."

"And yet you heaped all this kindness on me, mother?"

"I wad na break the bruised reed, my son."

"But, mother, do you know that I am dismissed?"

"I kenned that ye wad be. Mr. Newton breaks nae rules for even a widow's son."

"And the room that *you* have free!"

"I maun gie it up, my son; and I deny not that it wull be a grief; for your father and I spent mony a happy day here! But if the sorrow lead you to repentance, it shall be welcome."

"Mother, I will never drink another drop as long as I live."

"Gin that resolution be made in the strength o' divine grace, ye wull keep it, Archie; but gin it be said in the pride o' human power, ye will fa' again," said Mrs. Tyndal.

But Archie thought that he was perfectly determined, and perfectly able to keep his resolution.

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"You shall not suffer by me, mother," he said; "I will seek other work to-morrow, and keep you another house."

"As for me," replied Mrs. Tyndal, "the Lord will provide."

Next day, Archie went to seek fresh employment; but he did not obtain it. "We must leave the town, if I do not succeed here," he said to himself.

To have left the town would have been well for him: it would have broken off bad connexions. But next week he did find work with a new master, and entered upon it energetically.

Meanwhile Mrs. Tyndal went to Mr. Newton, to speak about her house.

"My son has forfeited his employment, sir," she said. "We hae nae langer a richt to your bounty. If ye wish the house afore the term, we'll gie it up; if not, we'll pay rent for it till that time, gif it please the Lord to gie us the means."

"*You* have not forfeited anything," said Mr. Newton. "It was to you I gave the room, not to your son."

"But we canna retain it after what he has dune," replied Mrs. Tyndal.

"It was to the widow of an old and faithful workman that I gave it, and you are that still, my good woman," said Mr. Newton, kindly.

"Ye dinna mean, sir, ye canna mean, that noo when my son has left your employment through his ain sin, ye intend to continue us the house free?" exclaimed she in surprise.

"That is precisely what I mean," replied Mr. Newton. "*You* have greater need for it than ever. As to your son,

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what he has suffered may perhaps be the means of leading him to repentance."

"The Lord in his mercy grant it!" cried the widow. "And blessing, may He bless you, sir; I have nae words to thank ye. It is Himsel' that put it into your heart."

"Therefore, just take it as His gift," said Mr Newton.

With lightened heart, the widow returned home, to pour out her thanks to the Giver of all good. She sat down in her husband's old arm-chair.

"It wull stand yet by his ain ingle," she said to herself. "I'll no need to move his bits o' bukes frae their place, nor disturb the things he liked, after a'. Gude is the Lord to the unworthy. His name be praised for all His mercy. Oh! gin He may grant repentance to my son!"

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CHAPTER XVII.

DEPRESSION AND HOPE.

"I pr'ythee pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy."

SHAKSPEARE.

WHEN Jane parted with Archie Tyndal, she felt inclined to rush to the servants' bed-room, shut herself in, and cry. But various things were wanted, and, with a bursting heart, she was obliged to go about her daily avocations. She could not help, however, showing her impatience. Her fellow-servants concluded her to be in a very bad humour.

"You are as ill-natured as if you had quarrelled with your sweetheart," cried the laundry-maid, in reply to a grumble of Jane's.

"It would make anybody ill-natured to see where you have set down the tray with that linen, and me just tidied the room," retorted Jane. "To push all the things wrong upon the toilette, and cramp the frills, and—"

Jane's lip quivered, and a few tears dropt from her eyes in spite of herself.

"Goodness! to cry about a thing like that. What's come over you?"

"I am not crying. It was only the mist made my eyes water."

There was a pause, and then she said, "I wanted a bit of time to myself this afternoon, and I think I am not to get it."

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"There's nothing more to do that I can see," replied the laundry-maid. "I'll put the toilette right myself."

"Well, that's a good girl. I'll just go upstairs and trim my bonnet."

The truth was she could hold out no longer. Everything vexed and annoyed her, and if she could not get a good cry, her heart would break. So she went upstairs, bolted the door, and threw herself on the bed, face downwards.

Then she cried, long and sorely, till the coverlet was wet through to the pillow; though for some time she scarcely thought at all, she had only a vague sense of utter misery. All the heroism with which she had spoken to Archie was gone; even her love for him was clouded. "He can care very little for me, when he would waste his savings and throw himself destitute, and put off our marriage to nobody knows when!" she sobbed.

"I am sure if I wanted to be married there's plenty of other folks would be glad," she added.

The proud thought dried her tears. She sprang up from the bed, smoothed it and walked to the window. "I might as well have said I *would* take William Wright, though I would *not*—to see how he would have looked," she said.

"But it was just his miserable look that made me say what I did. I could not have killed him in his misfortunes."

She leaned her forehead against the glass, and its coldness refreshed her. She thought of the haggard, wretched countenance of her lover, of his despairing words, and her heart became tender again. "Some villain dragged him off!" she said. "And he was as sorry after it as he could be. It was not his own fault I am sure—only, he *might* have considered." Thus she went on, alternately blaming

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and excusing him; proud and angry one minute, sorrowful and compassionate the next; for Jane had no fixed principles of right and wrong, no standard by which to measure the character of either actions or feelings.

But she could not very long indulge her solitary musings. She had to descend from her attic, after watching the lights gleam out from the mist, and hearing the night-cry of the oyster-woman in the street. She quite forgot that she had gone to her room to trim her bonnet. She washed her face and brushed her hair, and looked in the glass to see if it could be observed that she had been crying.

"Is the bonnet very grand?" the laundry-maid inquired.

"'Deed I did not get it done, I had something to do before it."

"Aye, aye; something else to do. Some letter to somebody. I *thought* we were cross when our thoughts were interrupted," was the retort. And the whole kitchen rang with laughter.

"You may laugh, but you are mistaken all of you," said Jane, very much inclined to be cross again. They continued their mischievous raillery, asking when the wedding was to be, demanding to have a dance, to be all invited, and so forth, till poor Jane was at her wit's end.

From sheer exhaustion she slept that night; but awoke early, with a sense of grief at her young heart to which she had hitherto been a stranger. She strove to assure herself that Archie would soon find other employment and make up his wasted savings; and that the lesson he had had would make him a sober man all his life.

Rather consoled she went about her work; but sometimes two pictures insisted upon presenting themselves to her; one

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was of James and Alie in their happy home, the other of drunken Willie Wilson and his broken-hearted wife. But he promised he would never take to drinking," she said; "and he has got a lesson he will not forget. If I forsake him now it will drive him to ruin. He said so. A woman must stick to her first love."

As evening came on she made sundry errands to the back door, hoping that Archie would be waiting there to tell her that he had got other work. But he came not. Then she could not comprehend what made them all so noisy in the kitchen that night. It would be quite impossible to hear his low rap in that din. She grew nervous and felt irritable again.

He did not come till next week. She never met him when she went out, and she was too proud to call at her mother's till he came to see her. She began to grow very lofty and to feel very angry.

At length as she was alone in the kitchen, there was the long, low rap at the back door. How her heart beat; what reproaches she meant to shower upon him. But he did not wait for her speaking, he seized her hand, and kissed it fervently, and whispered, "Jane, I have got work at the same wage. I'll make it up soon, and never take a drop too much in the world again. I'll save *everything* till we can get married."

Jane believed him, and her heart grew as light as a feather.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

SEARCH AFTER TRUTH.

"Ah! man shall read aright when he shall part
With human schemes, and in the new-born heart
Feel coursing new-born life."

DANA.

MR. NEWTON had been prevailed upon by Mr. Trevor to spend a few days with him at Fairfield Lodge, in the western part of the county, a quiet rural place, very grateful to one accustomed to the noise and bustle of town business.

The two friends had dined alone, and had drawn their chairs to the fire. Mr. Newton reclined in a large cushioned arm-chair, and Mr. Trevor sat forward on a dark high-backed one, clasping his knee, and looking intently into the fire. Lights were not yet brought, and the shadows were deep in the room; while two dim and lengthened figures were projected along the ceiling, as a fitful blaze at times started up in the grate, glimmering upon all nearer objects, and flinging the more distant into a farther retreating gloom. Except that no lady had presided at the polished table, now forsaken, the room presented a perfect picture of English home comfort.

"Trevor," said Mr. Newton, "you would make a capital study for Rembrandt, with the firelight on your pale face, and the deep shadows behind you."

"And yet," replied his friend, "the shadows are in reality all before me, and the light behind."

"A *Christian* man ought not to say so," was the reply of Mr. Newton.

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"You know I have not your religious feelings," said Mr. Trevor.

"Deeply do I wish you had," Mr. Newton answered; "you would have sunshine before you and around you then."

"I am not sure of that. *You* have domestic happiness, which I can never have. I am inclined to think your sunshine is that of a bright home."

"That might brighten the present, but not the *future*, James."

"Well, I do confess that I feel sometimes not only a void within me, but a void before me. I occupy myself as much as possible with doing good to my fellow-creatures. But this life will not last always; I rather think it will not last long, and what the future is to be I cannot tell. I know not into what depth the next step may precipitate me."

"Life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel," Mr. Newton repeated.

"But how can any one feel *sure* of the perfect truth of the gospel?" Mr. Trevor inquired.

"*I feel as sure of it as I do of my own existence*," replied Mr. Newton, emphatically.

"Absolute certainty of a reasonable and reasoning being, —such as truth mathematically demonstrated?"

"Yes, certainty, as of truth mathematically demonstrated."

"Well, my friend, I must believe you, but it seems strange. I have never felt any firm footing in religion, therefore I have always striven to act by the light of my own conscience and reason."

"Did *that* give you a firm footing?"

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"It shakes beneath me sometimes. I could wish to be a Catholic, with a keeper for my conscience."

"Admirably it would be kept."

"Why, yes; it would need a few opiates to quiet its rebelliousness."

"I have a better keeper of conscience; one that I *know* to be infallible," said Mr. Newton.

"The Bible, I suppose; but then my difficulty is not being satisfied of its infallibility."

"Can you be satisfied with doubt upon so deeply important a subject?"

"I have become dissatisfied lately. I feel that I want something which you and your sister possess. I seem to drift about; you to be at anchor."

"Yes, we have an anchor of the soul sure and stedfast."

"What would not I give for such a one?"

"You may have it. The evidences of the truth of Christianity are within your reach. Study them, and I doubt not that by the grace of the Spirit you will believe them."

"Nothing can be more interesting and beautiful and sublime than many portions of the Bible, but it seems to me much on a level with Homer as to authenticity."

"In reading it, did you never feel a power over the conscience which Homer does not possess?"

"To tell the truth, I have not read it much; but it was something of the kind you mention which occasioned the feelings I have been expressing."

"Something struck you as applicable to *yourself*?"

"Yes, producing an uneasiness as to the future which I could not shake off."

"Then you have discovered what I trust you will one

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day feel to be an evidence of the divine origin of the Bible, its power over the conscience, its applicability to your own special condition as a rational and immortal being. The arrows which it fixes in the heart could be sent by none but a divine archer."

"I *must* study the evidences of its truth, my friend."

"Do, without delay."

"And yet life seems too short to search out the records of antiquity, so as to satisfy one's self about the truth of the Scriptures."

"Why, you know so many have laboured in this mine that any one now may collect the jewels. We have the direct testimony of all Christian antiquity, and the admission of Pagan writers, as to their genuineness and authenticity. From the days of the apostles downwards there are records to testify this."

"And yet these are much doubted in Germany."

"The doubts of German critics are only bringing forth an overwhelming flood of evidence by men still more learned than themselves, evidence of the genuineness and inspiration of the Holy Scriptures," said Mr. Newton.

"The study must be interesting, even as a mere matter of historical research," replied Mr. Trevor, "and I mean really to engage in it. I do think it very unlikely that the books of the Bible could have descended to our day, in the midst of so many enemies, as the generally received works of the original teachers, if they were not so."

"I think not. No one doubts the genuineness of the Koran, or of the Commentaries of Cæsar; and no book of antiquity has half the evidence that belongs to the sacred volume."

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"But, my dear friend," pursued Mr. Trevor, "granting that all the books of the New Testament were the works of those whose names they bear, how can we be assured that they are true records of history, and authoritative in point of doctrine? How can I be assured that I am bound to obey their commands?"

"Prove the one, and you prove the other," replied Mr. Newton; "for consider who and what the men were who wrote the New Testament, if really written by those to whom they are ascribed—simple, honourable, truthful men, who suffered the loss of all things, and died rather than deny the facts and doctrines they taught. They had no earthly motive for endeavouring to change the religion of the world, and had neither power nor wealth to enable them to do it. They suffered willingly the loss of all things for their adherence to Christ; and they asserted the facts they relate from personal knowledge."

"Ah! the historical facts. But the doctrines—the things that we are required to submit to?"

"This brings us to the study of inspiration. The writers of the Bible directly assert their own inspiration, both in the Old and the New Testaments. By blameless lives and ready sufferings in behalf of the truth, they proved their *honesty;* by miracles wrought and prophecies fulfilled, it is demonstrated that God owns their claim to be the bearers of his message to men."

"So that you consider the Bible the very message of God?"

"*The very words of God.* It asserts this in direct terms; claims absolute authority over the belief, the conscience, and the life. If you prove it to be true, to be really what it pretends to be, you must feel bound to obey it in all things."

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"Why, Mr. Newton, this is a very terrible claim, as stringent as popish claims of infallibility."

"But with this difference, that the one is a *true*, the other a false assumption of authority. *You* have a right to command your servants, *I* have none."

"Still it is not pleasant to be required to submit implicitly to the will and judgment of another."

"Not when that other is your Maker—He without whom you could not draw a breath nor move a limb, the giver of everything you possess?"

"Well, those considerations do impart a reasonableness to the thing."

"Suppose every servant and every private soldier chose to follow his own fancy, what sort of order would be in families and armies?"

"I believe I spoke thoughtlessly; rule and obedience are necessary things."

"And," added Mr. Newton, "when the Ruler is infinite in wisdom and justice, and he who ought to obey is anything but infallible, the case admits of no dispute. All the disorder in the world springs from disobedience to the will of God; when the world is restored to its original excellence and happiness, it will simply be in the way of universal obedience."

"Ah! because the infinite Creator knows best what is truly good for his creatures?"

"Just so."

"My dear friend, I *will* study the evidences of Christianity carefully," said Mr. Trevor.

"And will you, James, study at the same time the book itself. The external evidences are most valuable, but there

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is a self-evidencing power in the Scriptures which commends them alike to the highest mind and the lowest intellect. We feel, as we read them, that God alone could have spoken so to our conscience and our heart."

"Not *always*, I think," replied Mr. Trevor. "I never felt anything in reading the Scriptures, when I *did* read a chapter, beyond what I have felt in any other book, until the day on which a verse or two seemed to open up to me a new world."

"This is a proof of one of the doctrines of the Bible," said Mr. Newton; "that, notwithstanding the treasures which are hid there, the eye of man cannot discern them, or rather the *heart* cannot feel their power, until the Spirit of God touch it."

"Do you really mean to say that the strange impression made upon my mind, and the strange feelings which have since haunted me, were the result of supernatural influence?" asked Mr. Trevor, with an expression of mingled surprise and incredulity.

"I do think that, by means of his own word, God was then impressing your mind, my dear friend, and I beseech you to listen to his voice; not to efface the impression, but to follow up your search after truth, humbly asking his promised aid."

"Newton, this is the first time I ever asked such a thing, never before could I have thought of it without a smile,—will you pray for me?"

"Earnestly, joyfully," replied Mr. Newton, strangely moved; "but promise me to pray for yourself."

"Ah, I don't know how! I have cried, 'Lord, show me light!' but as to praying—"

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"Why, what was that but praying—asking of God what you want?"

"Oh, but there was no adoration, no prostration of soul, nothing—"

"Nothing to which a papist could attach *merit*," Mr. Newton interrupted; "neverless it was *prayer*. I feel assured that God will hear it."

"Amen!" ejaculated Mr. Trevor.

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CHAPTER XIX.

DEPARTURE OF A RIGHTEOUS MAN.

"Linked with the immortal, immortality
Begins e'en here. For what is time to thee,
To whose cleared sight the night is turned to day,
And that but changing life, miscalled decay!"

DANA.

Two years had passed since the opening of our story; it was the eve of the third New Year. Haggarth, the foreman of the builders, was summoned to the bedside of his master, who, worn and feeble with age, was supported by pillows in a reclining posture, slightly elevated.

He held out his hand to the foreman: "I am going the way of all the earth," he said. "My pilgrimage has been a long one, but it is nearly over; the gates of the city are in sight!"

A large tear stood in the eye of his attached servant for a moment; it rolled down his brown cheek as he said: "Ye have been a good master, sir; we would fain keep you a while longer, if it be *His* will."

"No, John, no; my work is over. It has been but poorly done, yet there is a reward—not of debt, but of grace. I know in whom I have believed."

"And you feel his faithfulness now, sir?"

"I do, I do, blessed be his name! When I pass through the waters he will be with me, and through the floods, they shall not overflow me; he will uphold me in the river!"

"And give you an inheritance beyond it, sir."

"Yes, John, I have glimpses even now within the gates

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of the streets of gold, and the shining ones there, and I hear the bells of the city ring. But I am weak, I can say little."

"Have you any commands, sir?"

"Is there a parcel on the table?"

"There is, sir."

"It contains a book for each of the foremen—let them write in it, 'From their master;' a testament for every one of the apprentices—they must send me by you a solemn promise to read it carefully; and tracts for all the workmen."

Here Mr. Newton paused to recover breath, for it was fast failing. In a little he proceeded: "I wish you to be here to-morrow morning in time to give those things to such as come to the house; take charge of the rest, and deliver them with this message, 'Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come.'"

"You know that, master," said Haggarth, who was now weeping unchecked.

"It is my experience," replied Mr. Newton.

"A blessed one, sir. I will do all you say with care."

"And for you, Haggarth, here is my 'Daily Food.' It has been a comfort to me when my eyes were dim, but I need it no more; I am going to eat bread in the kingdom."

The withered finger pointed to a broad thin volume which lay on the bed, with texts of scripture printed in letters so large that very weak sight could distinguish them easily. The old servant took the book, and raised it reverently to his lips.

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"You need the spectacles now, John," said his master. "How long have you been with me?"

"Forty-six years, sir."

"Yes, yes! faithful years."

"Ill would it have become me to be unfaithful, master. Ye have been just, and more than just, in the temporals; and the soul owes much to your care."

"We'll meet again, John."

"Before long, sir. I'm growing frail and useless."

"Fare-ye-well till then. I'm spent now," whispered the old gentleman almost inaudibly. Haggarth pressed his passive hand, took up the parcel, and left the room. Miss Newton entered, and administered a little restorative; then a slumber succeeded. Mr. Newton had finished his work on earth.

He slept calmly during the night, with such pauses as might be looked for, when a spoonful of nourishment—for he could swallow only that—was given. He looked up at dawn. "Are they there?" he inquired.

"Yes, father, receiving your gifts."

"It is well. George will give you yours."

He then closed his eyes, and they wondered whether he would ever re-open them. At ten o'clock his minister was announced. There was a smile of recognition, and his hand was extended. Mr. Greville repeated, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

The lips moved, and then the whisper became audible, "Not to me only, but to all those who love his appearing."

"Is He with you?" inquired Mr. Greville.

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"Yes, yes!" he replied, raising his hand, and looking upward; but the eye was glazed, and the hand fell. Mr. Greville kneeled down to pray; the gathered family also kneeled by the bed. There is an awe in a death chamber; it is a *sacred* awe when the dying one is a saint, when no doubt hangs over his future, for he is passing within the veil which separates the august inclosure where God dwells from the outer court where man resides; he sees what the nearest and dearest to him cannot see; he feels what they can never feel, till they too come to cross the boundary. They know that solemn things are transacting between his soul and God. But those things are hid from them; they have a consciousness of something unutterable, something beyond mortal ken; and as if they hoped that an audible sound would reach them out of the dim mysteriousness, a palpable idea out of the indefinite obscurity, every sense is strained, and their very breath is hushed into silence.

That silence they venture to break only by prayer. They dare only speak to Him whose presence is so overwhelmingly felt.

Probably the dying man was unconscious of the supplications of others for him. Probably he felt God too near to feel anything else; for the first sensible meeting of the soul with its Creator must surely exclude every other sensation, even though it be but a dim perception that steals over it, as the edges of the curtain begin to be slowly withdrawn, and the first gleam of the glory within to irradiate the spirit.

Yet though he for whom the prayer be offered knows it not, the prayer itself may avail much; for the ear of Him to whom it is presented is ever open, and who can tell what

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support and comfort and assurance may be granted to the departing one in answer to that humble prayer of faith, how much the awfulness of the transition may be softened by the felt influence of the mediation of Christ?

"For all these things will I be inquired of by the house of Israel." Prayer then is always seasonable, and specially so in such a "time of need" as death.

When they arose from their knees, noiselessly, as if fearful of disturbing him for whom they interceded, his son bent over the bed, then laid his finger upon the wrist, and lastly held the glass of his watch to the lips. There was no throb of the pulse, no vapour on the crystal; he looked up to meet his sister's anxious gaze, and whispered "gone."

A solemn pause ensued. It was broken by the clergyman repeating, "To depart and be with Christ is far better"—"Absent from the body, present with the Lord"—"They rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

The words of holy writ unlocked the fountain of tears. Miss Newton hid her face in her brother's breast, and wept. But there was no *bitter* wailing, no rebellious grief. An old man, and full of years, their beloved father, had come to his grave like a shock of corn fully ripe. He had served God in his day and generation on earth, and had departed calmly to join in the services of heaven. He had been "content to die," and they were content to know that he had exchanged age and infirmity for everlasting youth and strength.

Eight days after, there was again a bustle in Mr. Newton's court-yard. It was a *subdued* bustle, a quiet motion,

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as if some sleeper might be awakened by a heavy tread or a loud voice. Workmen were gathering to their master's funeral. They had sent a petition to be allowed to attend it, and every one was there, from the foremen down to the Irish labourers. A few of the latter who had no black clothes, had borrowed them for the occasion. A hundred and fifty men, grave and sorrowful, some of them wiping large tears from their eyes, passed in at the principal back-door, through the lobby, and out at the front in regular order, as the hearse and carriages moved slowly away, and formed into a regular procession, four abreast, behind them. Silently they paced along to the old family burial-place. Very reverently they heard the burial service. To some of the Irish the holy words were strange and new. Perhaps some impressions were that day made upon their softened hearts.

They could not all get near the grave, but they formed in a widening circle round it; and there was many a wet eye, especially among the old servants, when the earth rattled on the lid, and "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," was pronounced. In this case, there was no dubiety about the appropriateness of the service; it was indeed "in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection" that the body was committed to its mother earth. A long life of consistent Christian character had attested the depth and sincerity of Christian faith.

There were small coffins laid in that family burial-place; the dust of a blooming girl, a beautiful boy, and a loving mother, before this aged form was added. The graves of this household were not severed far and wide—one alone rested on a foreign shore. The sunshine gleamed soft

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through the old yew trees upon the green turf; a few clouds sailed quietly over the sky; all nature breathed peace. The obsequies of the venerable Christian were befitting his life.

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CHAPTER XX.

TRANSGRESSION.

"Who sows the serpent's teeth, let him not hope
To reap a joyous harvest. Every crime
Has, in the moment of its perpetration,
Its own avenging angel—dark misgiving,
An ominous sinking at the inmost heart."

SCHILLER.

"YE'LL gang wi' me the day, Archie," said Mrs. Tyndal to her son, one beautiful summer Sabbath morning.

"No," replied the young man sulkily.

"Oh! Archie, my man, your auld mither's step is feeble, an' she needs the arm o' her son to the kirk."

"I'm no goin', mother."

"Then ye're gaun to mispend the Sabbath. Oh! my bairn, mind ye the eye that's watchin' ye, an' the voice that bade ye keep holy his ain blessed day."

"Dinna bother me, mother," was all the answer the son vouchsafed.

But the mother waxed earnest. "Archie, Archie," she said, "nae gude ever cam' by neglectin' the Lord's commandments. Sorrow in time an' sorrow in eternity is the portion o' the Sabbath-breaker. Dinna gang that evil gate, my ain bairn."

The young man sat moodily silent; and after a pause, his mother proceeded.

"Ye were the child o' your father's auld age, an' mine, Archie. *His* head is in the dust; an' if ye persevere in your godless course, ye'll bring mine wi' sorrow to the

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grave. I could na contradic ye; I humoured ye ower muckle when ye were a wean. That was my sin; an' noo my punishment is to see you turn your back on the ways o' holiness. But dinna do it, my man, dinna do it; seek your father's God while yet he may be found.

She laid her hand on his head as she spoke; there was a working in the muscles of his face; a strong emotion passed over it; a struggle was in his breast; but evil conquered. He said not a word in reply, but rose hastily, took up his hat, and flung out, slamming the door behind him.

His mother stood a moment bewildered, then sank upon a chair, and covered her face with her hands.

"I restrained him not when he was young," she groaned; "I taught him, I besought him; but I restrained him not! I was like Eli; an' oh! that Eli's punishment be not awaitin' me!"

She sat awhile, rocking herself backward and forward; then cast herself on her knees to pray, but found no liberty in prayer. A strange sad foreboding seized her. The merry peal of the church bells awakened her from a reverie. She put on her bonnet, and, slowly and sadly, proceeded alone to the Presbyterian church.

Archie had an appointment that day with two or three young men and women, to go a pleasure trip on the Linton Railway. They were to alight at a station twenty miles distant, spend the day in roaming about, and return by the evening train. Reduced fares were advertised for that day, and in consequence, a considerable crowd gathered at the starting-point, a little before ten o'clock. Jane Harrison was to be Archie's companion.

He looked hither and thither in the crowd, but Jane was

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not there. "Breakfast has been late; she is detained," said he. "I will go and get some eatables; watch her, William Gibson."

William Gibson stayed to watch, and Archie went into the refreshment-room. The young women who kept it were hurrying about, attending to the numerous customers; indeed, two or three extra hands seemed put on for the occasion. A baker's boy came in with a tray of tarts hot from the oven; another followed with one of buns, which immediately began to be put up in paper bags, and given to the many applicants for provisions for the journey. Archie knew one of the young women, and went to her for what he wanted.

"Plenty custom to-day," said he.

"A plague on the custom!" she replied, testily.

"What's vexing you?" asked Archie.

"Vexing! why, we are like galley slaves, and no mistake, since this Sunday work began. Here we stand from Monday to Saturday, and run about on Sunday, and never a minute to breathe the fresh air."

"But you'll have such wages, you'll be independent soon, and get the air every day."

"Wages! not a penny more for the seven days than for the six."

"You should all strike then."

"It's no use; there's plenty to fill up the situations, and we may starve."

"That's hard, too," said Archie.

"*Your* play costs *us* work, I can tell you," said the young woman. "And them bakers," pointing to a lad with a tray, "must toil till they're sick; for the gentry will have

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nothing but fresh pastry and buns. I tell you what, Archie Tyndal, it's just tread-mill work, round and round, day after day, neither body nor soul can stand it. If I don't go mad, and into consumption, and all the bakers into fever and ague, never believe me more."

"Can't you give me my sponge-cakes," interrupted a dandified young man.

"Beg your pardon, sir," she said, starting, and producing some.

"I don't think these are to-day's baking."

"Only last night's, sir."

"Who can eat sponge-cakes of yesterday's baking?" he inquired, in an insolent tone. Just then William Gibson came in with Jane Harrison, who began to explain that she thought she would have been disappointed, for there was company in the house, &c. &c. Nobody had got out but herself.

Who would have dreamed that that day was Sabbath? Cabs were stopping at the station; porters were running with luggage; boys were trotting about with newspapers; the book-stalls were besieged; the refreshment-rooms were all bustle; at the tavern round the corner numbers were fortifying themselves with a morning dram, others were adding spirits to the stores of their baskets. Then an ingenious person had discovered that young men and women sometimes forget their gloves, or require a cravat, a parasol, or an umbrella; and so a haberdasher's shop had been opened in a convenient place, and the keeper of a bazaar thought that when people were going to visit their friends, they might wish to make them a small present, and he exposed every Sunday, from ten to eight, his store of jewel-

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lery and curiosities. Similar things went on all along the line; so that it would have been difficult to calculate which was greater, the number of people who went holiday-making by the railway, or of those who, to minister to their wants, were deprived, not of pleasure merely, but of rest and of time, to attend to the soul; and were tied down, as the young shop-girl expressed it, to the tread-mill work, round and round, day after day, till they might go mad, or into consumption.

What could they do to relieve their jaded spirits, but drink, or dance, or both, at night?

Reader, the beings who lead such a life now are immortal—they must live for ever in another state. How can they prepare for it? If they go unprepared into eternity, what is to blame for it? Hundreds lose their souls, that other hundreds may have Sunday jaunts; those other hundreds jaunt on Sundays, because the avarice of their masters will allow them no other day. Mammon is at the root of the whole.

Archie gave his arm to Jane, who had got a new bonnet and flowers for the occasion, and a new black silk mantilla. She looked very smart and pretty, and Archie was proud of his belle.

With considerable pushing and jostling, and a little swearing, the whole party got into the same third-class carriage, the whistle sounded, and the train was in motion.

"Hollo! what have we got here? cried William Gibson, taking up a handbill that lay upon one of the seats. "The fourth commandment, as I'm alive, printed like an advertisement."

"Oh!" said Harry Jackson, "I saw Saint Somerville,

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the Methodist parson, peeping into the carriages, with a bundle of bills in his hand. He thought to convert us all from the error of our ways, I suppose."

A loud laugh followed this announcement.

"You can *do* him, Jackson; read the chapter," said another young man.

Jackson took the paper, sprang to his feet, and, steadying himself with his other hand, began with a ludicrous nasal twang to read *the fourth commandment.*

Archie had once been accustomed to hear the word of God treated with reverence. A picture flashed upon his memory that moment. He saw himself a little child, seated by the bright fire-side, on a low stool at his father's feet, repeating the *fourth commandment*, while that indulgent father affectionately talked of the reverence due to the Sabbath, and of the sin and misery of abusing the holy day. Archie shuddered at the profanity with which he was surrounded; a mist came over his eyes, and a weight fell upon his spirit.

Observing his change of countenance, the young man who had called for the exhibition, sang out, "a convert; pray for him," and another hoarse rude laugh followed, while Archie, to avoid suspicion of being indeed affected, joined in the merriment, which was truly to him the crackling of thorns under a pot.

It was a slow train; there were stoppages at all the stations. It was twelve o'clock when they reached their destination, so their first care was to find a grassy bank, where they might sit down and take refreshment. A basket was opened; eatables and a bottle of spirits produced: of the latter Archie partook freely, to raise his depressed

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courage, and he was soon joking and laughing with the merriest.

They then wandered aimlessly about till one o'clock, when another party passed them, considerably "elevated," and singing songs. This was the hour for the dispersion of the congregation of the parish church, whose eyes and ears were forthwith assailed by the profanity of the merry-makers. The village, once so quiet on the Sabbath, was, since the establishment of the Sunday trains, infested by straggling tourists, noisy parties, open shops, and, towards evening, by riot and revelry. Not a servant at the inn ever got to church now, nor one of the bakers, nor the grocer's man, nor the people who sold milk; and all the idle young folks of the parish were astir, "to see the company." So those who kept the day themselves were disturbed by those who did not, and many who would have kept it were prevented.

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CHAPTER XXI.

CATASTROPHE.

"There's no such thing as chance;
And what to us seems merest accident,
Springs from the deepest source of destiny."—SCHILLER.

"Shall there be evil in the city and the Lord not do it."—AMOS iii. 6.

THE clergyman looked pityingly at the thoughtless groups as he passed. To one of them he repeated the words, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

"It is very disturbing and distressing," a lady remarked, "after the services of church, thus to encounter such a rabble."

"The example is doing much harm," replied the person she had addressed. "I have difficulty in getting my maids to church now; I find they often hope to see friends by the train."

"One of mine requested last Sunday to be allowed to go to church at the next station. She would return by the evening train, she said," the first speaker added.

Among those who issued from the church, was a gentleman of middle age and commanding aspect. As the riotous party passed, he stopped and looked at them with an expression which awed them into temporary silence; but on reaching the group in which Archie Tyndal was, he courteously saluted and joined them.

"The country is beautiful at this season," he remarked.

"Very, sir; specially to those who are cooped up in town most of their lives," William Gibson replied.

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"And yet, my friend, you would enjoy it equally on a week day," said Colonel Ilderton, for that was the name of the stranger.

"Aye, sir, but we can get it only on Sunday," was the reply.

"How so?"

"The poor man must work for his bread on week days."

"And has he no work to do on the Sabbath?"

"That's his own day, sir, to spend as he likes."

"You are mistaken, my good fellow, it is the Lord's day."

"Why, sir, it is a hard case indeed if he has not one day in the week to himself."

"To whom do all the other days belong?"

"To the masters," said Jackson; "to the rich men that feed on the bones and sinews of the poor."

"You would rather defraud God than your masters then; but I am at a loss to know *who gave* all the other days to the masters," said Colonel Ilderton.

"Why it must be confessed that the servants gave them up in the competition for business," replied William Gibson; "and we cannot afford to lose a day's wages on pleasure."

"Then you consider a day's wages of more value than the soul."

"As to that, a merciful God will never cast away the soul for breathing his own blessed air on a Sunday," said Addison.

"My friend," said the Colonel solemnly, "he *will* cast away every soul that breaks his commandments."

"There is a difference between the Christian Sunday and the Jewish Sabbath," said Gibsón.

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"In what respect," inquired the Colonel.

"Oh, we are not tied down by the old Jewish commandments."

"The Sabbath is *not* a Jewish institution," said the Colonel.

"I thought it was one of the forms and ceremonies of the old Jewish law," said Addison.

"By no means. It was instituted immediately after the creation, and was, in fact, the very first institution of the world prepared for man. It began with the beginning of the world, and was evidently intended to continue to its close."

"But Christ himself rebuked the over strict observance of the day," said William.

"The improper and hypocritical—the *formal* observance of it," said the Colonel.

"He said the Sabbath was made for man."

"And a blessed word that was. It was made for man to rest from his labours, to hold communion with God, to prepare for heaven; neither to waste in amusement, to sink in heartless formalism, nor to drown in labour."

"I think we may apply it to recruiting our health and strength," said Addison.

"That is one of its uses, my friend, the Sabbath rest is most valuable for that purpose; but you ought to take some other day for pleasure seeking, and seek God on his own day."

"But having no other day," persisted Gibson.

"If that were the case, the choice would lie between incurring the displeasure of your Creator, and losing a day's amusement. But by proper management you might have

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other time for pleasure; and if this taking of God's time continue, you will not long have even it to take."

"How so?"

"Others have to work on it that you may play. *Your* masters will find out by and by that they have as good a right to make you work on Sundays as railway directors and confectioners; and other people who serve you have to exact labour from *their* dependants. What one set of workmen has to do, why should not another set have to do?"

There was no answer to this, and the Colonel proceeded.

"Sabbath-breaking is a sin which brings upon a community its own punishment."

All seemed temporarily impressed except the young man who had burlesqued the reading of the fourth commandment, and he said flippantly—

"If we never do a worse crime our souls will take care of themselves."

"That *must* be a crime," rejoined the Colonel, "which under one dispensation was punished with death. Disobedience to your Creator in anything must be a crime." Then stopping and preparing to leave them, he added,—"It is because I wish you well that I have thus spoken. Do, I beg of you, remember one word—'What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'" Then raising his hat he bade them farewell. Instinctively they returned the courtesy, but Jackson did it with a sneer.

"A rum fellow that," he said, when the colonel was out of hearing; and he repeated his last words in insolent mimicry. There was an attempt at a laugh but it was very faint. Archie Tyndal felt thoroughly uncomfortable, and

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to drown his conscience he began to laugh and talk aloud. At length they tired of wandering about, and went to the inn to wait for the return of the train. There they called for some drink, and became considerably excited before the time of departure arrived.

"You used to be a teetotaller, Gibson," said Jackson, "I am glad you have come to your senses."

"When one gets into the blues he needs the comfort to get him out," was the reply.

"That's chasing blue spirits with white," said Jackson, "or one devil with another, as the parson would speak. I say, girls, hav'nt we had a merry day in spite of the preaching."

"Merrier than we'd have had *at* the preaching," replied one of those addressed.

"Hurrah! here comes the train—stops only five minutes —run—scramble—in for a good seat. I'll treat you to a sermon inside."

They got into a large parliamentary carriage, and found several acquaintances. A little time passed in greetings, which were marvellously cordial according to the fashion of those who have been indulging in "moderate" potations. They were by no means drunken, only elevated, and began with great spirit to relate the adventures of the day.

"We had a preaching gent," said Jackson, "who undertook to show us the sin and danger of fresh air on a Sunday. Come, I'll preach his sermon over again. Here, this'll be my pulpit. He arose, and laid one hand on the side of the carriage to prop himself up. Confound the coach, how it swings!" he cried. "Sure it's not the gin."

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Next moment he had fallen on the lap of his opposite neighbour.

A great oath rang from the other end; there was a cry, "we're off the rails,"—another oath, and then, with a rush and a sweep, the carriages were tumbling down a steep embankment. Men, women, dogs, boxes, went crushing against one another; crashes, shrieks, groans, yells, curses, arose as if from pandemonium; and in another minute broken carriages, and mangled and bloody flesh lay quivering far below on the debris of sharp stones and rough gravel.

"Help, Archie! oh, help!" shrieked Jane Harrison, as she lay, the bone of her leg protruding through the flesh. "Cruel lad, help me!" But Archie spoke not, he was doubled up, with his spine broken, and a contusion of the brain; the widow was childless.

The scene was frightful, the agonies of the sufferers were horrible. Raging, despairing, struggling or stunned; imprisoned in overturned carriages, wounded with broken ones; far from help of man and unaccustomed to seek help from God, they were in such a state as fiends might rejoice over. Every one there had been acting in defiance of the Almighty; it was not wonderful that no one fled to Him for succour.

But there is always a mingling of mercy in his dealings with sinners on this side of the grave. Some of the passengers were uninjured, and after extricating themselves proceeded to the relief of the wounded. Two young medical men were in a first class carriage. They tore all the handkerchiefs they could lay hold of to bind up wounded and bleeding limbs; word was sent along the line, and a train was despatched to convey the sufferers home.

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Three corpses were laid in it, one of them was Archie Tyndal's.

The party that set out so bravely with jest and laugh in the morning, returned in the evening with blood and groans.

The news had flown like wild-fire from the telegraph over the town. An anxious crowd collected at the station; wives and mothers seeking husbands and children, and sisters wildly calling the names of their brothers. There were some affecting recognitions of relatives uninjured, hysterically clasped in loving arms; but many terrible scenes of despair, as pale and bloody forms limped out, or were lifted from the carriages. The corpses were left to the last.

Peggy Harrison knew that both her husband and daughter were in the train, and from the situation held by the former, she dreaded the worst in his case. She was also aware that Archie Tyndal was to accompany Jane, and she sent one of the children up stairs to tell Mrs. Tyndal what had occurred, while she hurried to the station.

The old woman lifted her hands to heaven. "Oh, spare him to repent!" she ejaculated, and hastily tying on her bonnet, she was proceeding to the door, when Alie and James met her.

"You are not able to go," said Alie. "Come in with me, and James will go and bring you word. God grant that he may bring your son with him well."

"My heart misgives me if I binna to suffer like Eli this day," replied Mrs. Tyndal. "Hinder me not, I will go and meet his corpse."

"You're not able to go, mother; I'm away," cried James,

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hurrying from the house. But she pressed on with the determination of despair.

"You may trust him," said Alie, drawing the poor mother forcibly, but kindly, within her door. "There are three roads to the station, you will miss them if you go, and Archie will need his tea after the fright."

"He'll sit nae mair at my table," said his mother, wildly. "Oh! my bairn, my godless bairn,—to meet his Maker in the midst o' breakin' his commandments!"

"The Lord is merciful," said Alie. "I think he will be saved, and this day will be the beginning of a new life."

"It was na in ignorance that he brak the commandments, he kent them frae a child. It was against licht, an' love, an' expostulation; nae sin o' ignorance," muttered Mrs. Tyndal, as she cowered down on the seat into which Alie had forced her, her arms on her knees, and her face between her hands. "Luk, my woman, luk and see if they're no comin' wi' the body."

"He'll walk briskly, mother, but he cannot be here for a while; and you know those who are well must help them that have been hurt."

"Ou, aye, the dead maun be last!" was the reply.

"I'll make a cup o' tea, mother; you'll be the better of it, and he'll need it when he comes." So saying, Alie put on the kettle with a little water, though her heart misgave her; and as the old woman sat, rocking herself and uttering an occasional groan, she went to the door, then to the entry, to look out. Presently she saw a group approaching; it became distinct; and she turned sick as she saw a litter, covered with a cloth, and followed by men and boys. Leaving the sad procession, James ran forward to her. "Alie,"

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he said, "it's over true. What shall we do with his mother?"

"Come to her," she replied, seizing her husband's hand and hurrying back.

But they needed not to speak. As they entered she asked, "Are they bringing the body?"

"Yes," said James.

"Take it up stairs," she said, rising, and proceeding towards her own room with preternatural calmness.

"Lean on me, mother."

But she heeded not; she gained the top of the stairs, and stood at her own door to receive the corpse.

"Come in, mother, they'll bring it up," said Alie, aware that the sad burden would be carried with some difficulty up the narrow staircase.

"Nane sae fit as a mither to receive the corpse o' her son!" she replied; and she stood erect and tearless, though Alie was weeping unchecked. The litter was lowered, and carried up with less awkwardness than might have been expected.

The mother retreated backwards into the room. "Lay him on his ain bed," she said, leading the way. When they had laid down the disfigured corpse, she bent over it and kissed the clay-cold features, and then sank insensible on the floor.

A stroke of apoplexy had deprived her of conscious wretchedness.

Two sufferers were carried to the room below, groaning piteously. Jane Harrison, with her broken leg, and her father dreadfully bruised and lacerated. Terrible operations went on there:—probing of wounds, taking out splinters of

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broken wood; impatient screams were hushed only by rapidly-increasing weakness.

There was a hurrying of doctors to many a house in Norchester that evening.

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CHAPTER XXII.

MINISTRATIONS OF LOVE.

"The primal duties shine aloft like stars;
The charities that soothe, and heal, and bless,
Are scattered at the feet of man, like flowers."
WORDSWORTH.

THE quiet of the Sabbath evening was dear to Miss Newton. She loved its hallowed rest and peaceful communings with God; but, like her Master, she was ever ready to leave her retirement for usefulness to the bodies or the souls of her fellow-creatures. On the first news of the catastrophe, therefore, she hurried to the assistance of the sufferers. Her first visit was to Widow Tyndal.

The light of the summer evening had become dim; but she could still distinguish the features of her old friend as she lay unconscious, with heavy breath passing through her open lips, and the dark shade of apoplexy over her features. Alie and another woman were busied in applying the remedies ordered by the medical man, but hitherto they had been ineffectual. Alie grasped Miss Newton's hand.

"Her heart's broke; her heart's broke," she whispered.

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Miss Newton; "what a fearful end for *him*. To *her* this unconsciousness is mercy."

"She is a godly woman," said Alie.

"She is," replied Miss Newton. "I have no doubt of her safety; but she erred sadly in bringing up her son."

"And bitterly she has suffered for it, ma'am. Oh! to be saved from her sin and her sorrow!"

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"There is One who can answer that prayer, Alie, and *will* if it be offered in faith. But where is the poor lad?"

"On the bed in his own closet. Stop, Miss Newton! did not her eye turn?"

Alie said this with a start; and Miss Newton, looking anxiously at the widow, thought there was a slight movement, a little relaxation of the eye.

"The blister is taking effect," said Alie.

There was a groan, as if of conscious pain.

"More hot water, my woman," said Alie to her assistant.

"The feet are deadly cold, Miss Newton. If they *would* but warm!"

"We can hardly wish her back to her sorrows," said Miss Newton, "unless the Lord's work in her soul is not perfected. But human life is precious. We cannot tell what she has to do or to learn yet: let no effort be spared to restore her."

"It is a strange thing," said Alie, in a low voice, as she chafed the widow's feet,—"a strange thing to be struggling against death—trying to keep him off."

"Remember who has the command of him, Alie; you are only an instrument," said Miss Newton. Then she turned from the bed and went into the closet where the corpse lay. What a change upon those once gay features! The stamp of mortal agony, the livid hue of violent death sat upon them. His master's daughter could scarcely recognise Archie Tyndal.

"Oh! sin, sin," she mentally exclaimed, "what hast thou wrought?" A strange impulse seized her: she had almost cast herself on her knees to pray for his soul. "But it is done," she said: "his place is fixed. As the tree fell,

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so it lieth. He had space for repentance, and calls to it in *time*. Eternity is begun. Righteous are thy judgments, O God! Let *me* not slight thy Spirit."

Then returning to Alie she said that, as she was not needed by Mrs. Tyndal, she would go to inquire for the Harrisons.

She found Mrs. Harrison in the extremity of bustle,—sobbing, groaning, flying from one bed to another, but doing absolutely nothing. Two neighbours were giving assistance to the invalids, and three other women were standing looking on and uttering exclamations of pity.

Miss Newton went softly in. "How are your husband and daughter, Mrs. Harrison?" she inquired.

A burst of lamentation was the reply. "Oh! Miss Newton, Miss Newton! my brain is nearly turned. I don't know what I am doing—not I, ma'am. What a sight for a wife and a mother! It's a wonder I am in my senses."

"But are your husband's wounds dressed? Does he suffer much?"

"His shouts were awful when the doctors were with him. I turned sick, as if I would ha'e fainted. How I stood it I cannot tell."

Miss Newton had heard enough about Mrs. Harrison's feelings, and she went to Jane's bedside. The doctors had left her only a few minutes before. She was a little relieved, but still suffering severely, and groaning. When she saw Miss Newton, she covered her face with her hands, and in a low weak voice exclaimed, "Oh! Miss Newton, had I but minded your advices!"

"My poor girl," said the lady, pityingly, "God is merci-

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ful as well as just. Perhaps he has sent this to bring you to repentance."

"Oh! if I had but minded," she repeated, sobbing.

"You need quiet now, Jane; but shall I pray with you one minute?"

"Pray, pray!"

Miss Newton stood by the bed. "Be still one minute," she said to the women; and then she prayed that God would pardon the great sin of breaking his holy day, would grant repentance to those who had so offended him, and give relief from the pain they yet so truly deserved. Her words were faithful and firm, but gentle and pitying and affectionate; and then she told the women that to leave the girl quiet would now be the truest kindness. *One* to watch her silently would be best, she said; for perhaps, after the suffering and exhaustion, she might sleep.

"I am for giving her a few drops of laudanum," said one of the women.

"Did the doctor order that?" Miss Newton inquired.

"Oh! no, but experience is better than doctors."

"My good woman," said Miss Newton, "those who have spent many years in studying the human frame, and many more in ministering to its diseases, must know better than any of us what is proper."

"A drop of gin and warm water," said another woman, "would do her more good, and make her sleep."

"That would fever her," said Miss Newton. "I am sure Dr. H. did not order that."

"I never care for doctors," said Mrs. Harrison.

Miss Newton laid her hand upon that of the foolish mother. "Let me entreat you, Mrs. Harrison," she said,

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"to abide strictly by the orders of the medical men. If you do not, remember you may cause the death of your husband and child." Then she added, "Sit down and rest, and be calm; watch your husband, and read this little book while you do so. I will send some raspberry vinegar, for they will need a cooling drink."

"Oh! thank you, thank you," replied Mrs. Harrison, earnestly.

"And *pray for the sufferers*," said Miss Newton. "Pray also for strength for yourself to wait upon them."

Mrs. Harrison's eyes overflowed with tears. She silently pressed Miss Newton's hand. In the time of trouble religious words are acceptable even to the irreligious.

"You need comfort," Miss Newton added. "You will find it best in the Bible. Promise me that you will read it yourself, and when your husband is able to hear, to him also."

"Very well, Miss Newton; but I am a poor scholar."

"Is your husband inclined to sleep, Mrs. Harrison; would it disturb him for me to see him."

"I reckon he will sleep little this night, ma'am, with his sores. Just come in. Harry, here's Miss Newton. Oh! me, what a sight your head is! We have not got him washed, Miss Newton; ye'll excuse him."

Poor Harrison was indeed "a sight." His hair was tangled, his face soiled, his hands begrimed and bloody, his brow contracted with pain; it contracted still more as his visitor entered.

"I know what you will say, Miss, we are right served for working on Sunday," he uttered from between his grinding teeth.

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"I am only going to say, Harry, how mercifully you have been preserved from sudden death; what cause of thankfulness you have," was the gentle reply.

"Ah! but 'tis hard to be thankful for such horrible pain. Death would ha' been better," said the man.

"If you had been prepared; but time is given you now to seek the Lord."

"Who can do *anything* in this torture?" he asked.

Miss Newton repeated, in a low, soft voice, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Promise me to think upon those words, and tell me if I can do anything for you—can send you anything you would like."

"Nothing, thank you. I only want a cold drink, and there is gin in the house. Peggy, give me some with cold water."

"Oh! that will fever you," said Miss Newton earnestly. "Let Jemmy go to my house, and tell Mary to give him a bottle of raspberry vinegar."

Jemmy had entered a minute previously. "I want my supper," he said.

"Here's some bread and butter and sugar," said Mrs. Harrison, cutting and spreading a large slice. "Take this, and run all the way to Miss Newton's house; but see ye dinna break the bottle."

Thé boy sulkily took the viand; and Miss Newton, feeling doubtful about his proceedings, said, patting his head, "It is nice to be useful, Jemmy, to your poor father; your mother will give you a drink of it in water when you come home. So make haste, my boy."

The boy, gaping, stared in the lady's face; and grasping his "piece," departed.

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"Now, Peggy," said Miss Newton, "get a little warm water and a soft towel, and wash your husband's face, and let him dip his hands, it will refresh him. Maybe he could take a cup of tea."

"No, the *cold* drink, the *cold* drink," cried the man.

"A little cold water till the vinegar comes?"

"Yes."

Mrs. Harrison went to the water-bucket. "Houts! here's none in the house," she said.

"It's always the way when a thing is wanted," muttered Harrison.

"Well, I'll go to the pump and get some," said one of the women, taking up a large black pitcher. She had scarcely left the door when a scream and angry words were heard. "Ye little jackanapes, to be playin' there when your father 's waitin' for his drink. If ye stay another minute, I'll do for you!"

Miss Newton glided to the door, and there she beheld Jemmy standing, making faces at the woman, who next minute set down the pitcher, and shook him violently. He screamed with all his might.

"Leave him alone," said the lady. "Mrs. Robson will go for the vinegar."

"Ye heartless little scoundrel," cried the woman, "when your father may be dying."

Jemmy was now roaring lustily, and his mother ran out to see what had happened. She had to coax him to be quiet, with more bread and butter and sugar, that his father might not be disturbed; and all this while the poor man was suffering from thirst as if he had been in the desert.

How much of the misery of the world is the result of

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mere mismanagement! The spoilt child is always selfish; his own pleasures rank first in his estimation.

Water was brought at length. The sufferer drank greedily; and Miss Newton went into Alie's kitchen, where the kettle was singing on the fire, and took some warm water in a basin to wash him.

"Come, Mrs. Harrison," she said, "get a soft towel, and bathe your husband's face and hands."

"This is readier," said the wife, taking off her apron, and proceeding, not in the most refined manner.

"Mercy! mind how ye lift this hand!" cried Harrison. "The pain's dreadful in the arm."

"Bathe it gently without lifting," said Miss Newton.

"I wonder, woman," groaned her husband, "ye're not ashamed o' needin' to be directed that way by gentlefolk."

"Ye see I'm confused," was the reply.

"As ye always are," he retorted.

"We all want to make you comfortable, my poor fellow," said Miss Newton; "but remember, God alone can give you relief from pain. Lift up your heart to him, Harrison, as you lie there. Good night; I hope you will sleep."

"Good night, and thank you," he responded, with a groan.

Miss Newton went up stairs again. Mrs. Tyndal was just as when she left her; and she took leave, promising to send her own cook to sit up during the night, that the two tender nurses might return to their families. "She can call you, Alie, if anything be needed," said Miss Newton.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

REPENTANCE.

"Vengeance will sit above our faults; but till
She there doth sit,
We see her not, nor them. Thus blind, yet still
We lead the way; and thus, whilst we do ill,
We suffer it."

DONNE.

VERY slowly Mrs. Tyndal revived; but with life came consciousness of misery. "What is it?" were her first words, as she stared wildly at those around her. She seemed for some time to be searching her memory in vain; and at length she muttered, "I saw a corpse; it was bluidy." A minute afterwards, she covered her face with her hands, and sobbed. She comprehended what had happened.

"I'll go and see my son," she said, attempting to get out of bed. Alie put her arms round her, and gently said, "Not now. You are not able; lie down, lie down."

"I will go," she replied; but her head fell back upon the pillow. Alie smoothed and placed it comfortably.

"I'll be weel eneuch in a wee; the corpse maun be streekit by nae hands but them that buskit the wean," she said feebly.

"Well, mother, take a sleep, and that will make you strong."

"Ye'll see that nae hired haun touches him."

"I'll see that, mother."

"The minister—a prayer," she whispered.

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"The minister was here, mother, when ye were asleep; he will be back to-morrow."

They got her quieted and kept in bed that day; it was the second after the accident. She slept a little at night, and Alie watched her. At half-past five, as all was quiet, Alie slipped down stairs to see her infant and husband before he went to his work, and to bid him call at the neighbour's who was her assistant nurse. No sooner had she left the room, however, than the poor mother crept out of bed to Archie's closet, and lifting the cover off his face, gazed on the countenance of her lost son, then sank powerless on her knees by the bed.

Alie returned and found her there, unable to walk back, but perfectly sensible. Fortunately, James had not left the house; his wife called him, and he lifted the sufferer into bed.

"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good," he repeated.

"Richteous are his judgments," she replied in a feeble voice.

"He is the Lord God merciful and gracious, even when he chastens," said James.

"I daurna rebel," she answered.

The trying circumstances of the funeral may well be imagined. The coffin had to be carried through the mother's room; for Archie's closet had not a separate entrance. All were apprehensive that another stroke would be the consequence. But Mrs. Tyndal's time was not come; the bitter seed of sorrow had its sweet fruit to bear in the heart of the afflicted one.

Gradually she became able for conversation; her minister and Miss Newton often visited her.

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"I was dumb, because He did it," she said to Miss Newton. "The chastisement was well deserved."

"Whom the Lord *loveth* he chasteneth," Miss Newton replied.

"Oh! the wonder that he should love *me!*" said the widow. "I set up an idol in his room; I brak his commands; I spared the rod, and ruined the soul o' my bairn."

Miss Newton was silent. What could she have said?

"But he hath pardoned—pardoned;—wonderfu', wonderfu' grace!"

"Forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin," said Miss Newton.

"He hath washed me," she continued; "but it required *blood* to do it, even the blood o' his ain Son—his well beloved."

She paused, and then added, "It's amazin' love; naethin' but the blood o' the Son o' God could wash away sic sin as mine. I kent his will; I did it not; I forgot my first love for an earthly idol; and he brak it—he brak it in pieces. I wonder he didna leave me!"

"Whom he loveth, he loveth to the end," said Miss Newton.

"Aye, aye; that's it. *His* callin' is without repentance. Nae earthly frien' wad hae borne it. But, oh! gif I hadna ruined my bairn! For that I will walk saftly a' the days o' my life in the bitterness o' my soul!"

"Yet he hath made with *you* an everlasting covenant."

"He hath; I feel it noo; but the sins o' his chosen are waur than the sins o' the warld—blacker, blacker—sins against love."

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"Quite true, my good friend. I wish we all felt them to be so."

"He'll compel us to feel them, gin we *be* his ain; he'll gie us a sight o' our blackness afore he clothe us wi' the clean white garments; he'll no leave us to fancy we are somethin', when we are naethin'."

"It may be that you are spared to do something for the glory of God—to warn others of the stone on which you stumbled," said Miss Newton.

"I think I am no worthy to do aught for him," she replied. "But gif I had a voice to reach a' the mithers in the warld, I wad tell them that she that spareth the rod hateth the child, and maketh a pillow o' thorns for the head o' her auld age; yea, gin she be a Christian woman, that she grieveth the Spirit o' the Lord, and bringeth on her a sair, sair, chastisement. She may be saved hersel', but it will be as by fire."

"You can rejoice in his salvation," said Miss Newton.

"I canna *rejoice*," replied the widow; "I can but lie in the dust, and wonder at it."

"You *will* rejoice when all tears are wiped away."

"Aweel, there's nae tears *there;* but I canna comprehend how I can cease mournin' for the soul o' my bairn through all eternity."

There was a pause, and then she added: "Miss Newton, you're aye about the dwellins o' the poor; tell them—tell them that the rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himsel' bringeth his mother to shame."

"Indeed I will, Mrs. Tyndale; and if it please the Lord to give you strength again, you will do so too."

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"And the puir lassie Jane," said Mrs. Tyndal, "have ye aye hope o' her, baith for the body and the soul?"

"Indeed I have," replied Miss Newton; "she is recovering from the operation, and I trust she is truly seeking the Lord."

"Ane shall be taken and another left," said Mrs. Tyndal, with a deep and bitter sigh.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

CONVICTION OF SIN.

"Those awful syllables, Hell, Death, and Sin,
Though whispered, plainly tell what works within;
That conscience there performs her proper part,
And writes a doomsday sentence on his heart.

COWPER.

POOR Jane Harrison passed a restless and feverish night. She suffered great pain from her broken leg: the bone had been too much shattered, and the part too much swollen, to allow of its being set after she was brought home. It was probable that amputation would be required.

To bodily pain was added mental anguish. She knew that her lover had been taken up insensible; she suspected that he was dead. It is true she had asked her mother, and had got for reply that he would "maybe get better;" but she had no confidence in her mother's truthfulness, for threatenings and promises to her children were broken without scruple, and she thought there was nothing wrong in a lie that "would do nobody any harm." So Jane believed that Archie was either dead or dying.

And now, for the first time, she had some idea of the evil of Sabbath-breaking, and a consciousness of having tempted her lover to it. She was too much racked with bodily pain to think connectedly about the matter,—indeed she was not accustomed to think much about anything; but vague feelings and ideas floated like spectres in her mind, and she shrank from them as from spectres. She did not sleep at all. Applications to reduce the inflammation were

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changed frequently during the night, and in the morning she was informed of the necessity of amputation.

"To go with one leg!" she shrieked, "to be lame all my life! I won't have it done, I tell you!"

"There is danger of your losing your life altogether if you refuse," said the surgeon gently.

"I don't care—I won't live to be lame!"

"My poor girl, no one has a right to throw away her life; we should be very guilty if we did not use the means to preserve it," said the doctor.

She looked fixedly at him: "Is Archie Tyndal dead?" she inquired.

"You had better not ask for him now; we will tell you all about him afterwards."

"I must know—I *will* know! Is he dead?"

"Why do you insist upon knowing?"

"If he is alive *I will not* go about on crutches."

"He would much rather have seen you so than dying."

"He *is* dead?"

"Indeed he is."

"I knew it! Then do with me what you like; if you kill me, so much the better!"

She did not go off in a paroxysm of tears; she lay quite still, with despair on her countenance.

"We will give you chloroform, and you will not feel it," said the surgeon.

"And will I feel nothing in my *heart*—will I not know he is dead?"

"No, you will feel nothing."

"Give it me, then, quick. But if I am to die, send for Miss Newton."

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"You will *not* die, there is no fear."

"Give me the chloroform!"

The surgeons got all ready for the operation, and then they gave her the chloroform.

"Poor thing!" said the doctor, "pity that she must awake to her sorrow!"

"Her leg was taken off, and during the operation she slept as calmly as a child. It was bound up, and she was laid all right and comfortable. Then she opened her eyes.

"Why have you not done it?" she inquired.

"It is done—all over."

"And I never felt it! Would *he* die that way?"

"He had not long suffering, it was instantaneous. But you must not think about anything, it will make you ill. Keep quite quiet."

But Jane *did* think, and think despairingly. She fixed her dry, hot eyes upon vacancy, and wished they had allowed her to die too. All within and around and before her seemed a dreary blank. What was the use of being alive, just to be in pain? But as she muttered those words, something seemed to ask, "What would have become of you if you had died?" She started, and fear took possession of her; "I *may* die," she said, "I *may* die, and what will become of me?" She felt as one feels who hangs by a rope over a yawning gulf. "Mother," she cried, "mother, send for Miss Newton!"

"What for would ye bother Miss Newton? She can do ye little good," replied Mrs. Harrison.

"I want her, mother, I want to speak to her. Oh, mother, send quick!"

"Well, I'll seek Jemmy and send him."

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Miss Newton was not long in coming, but Jane thought it an age. Thankful was she to hear of the work of terror which had begun within the suffering girl. She strove to bring her to a right sense of the evil of transgressing the law of God; and she pointed her to Calvary, to the atonement for sin. But there was great confusion in the mind of the patient; and aware of the danger of fevering her, Miss Newton could only strive to soothe her by the assurances of Christ's readiness to relieve all who come to him, and pray that the Spirit would perfect the work he seemed to have begun.

Jane was very ignorant. Miss Newton visited her daily, but found it no easy matter to instruct her in the truths of the gospel, especially as her weakness and tendency to fever rendered it improper to continue the instructions for any length of time in one day. But her conscience was awakened; she felt herself in danger, and was earnest in seeking safety. It is to a mind in this state that salvation through the atonement of Christ is precious; and to that atonement, to that Saviour, Miss Newton sought to direct her.

On one of her visits, Miss Newton found that Miss Vickars had been with Jane, striving to impress her with the necessity of fasting, and receiving the sacrament, and seeking the teaching of "the church." Miss Vickars had observed the Bible lying on the bed, and had spoken very terribly about the danger of unqualified persons presuming to interpret its sacred mysteries. Jane was troubled; she had begun to love the Bible, and was learning to feel confidence in the Saviour whom it reveals. She felt that Miss Vickars' plan of salvation was not the plan of the Bible; and she could not tell which was right. Could it be that

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she did not understand the Bible? Miss Vickars said she could not do so without the teaching of the church.

She related all this to Miss Newton, who felt it rather difficult to deal with the case; for she could only put her assertion against that of the other instructress. She was aware that the only satisfactory plan was to prove the absolute sufficiency of the Bible as the rule of faith to each individual, and the right of each individual to consult that for himself.

For this purpose she marked for Jane's reading the passages in which the words of the Bible are expressly addressed to *individuals* in private stations; she bade her observe that the Bereans were commended for trying the doctrines of apostles by the scriptures, and that consequently those who pretend only to be successors of the apostles may well submit to this process; she pointed out that Timothy was commended for being *from a child* acquainted with the scriptures; and that pretended prophets were directed to be brought "to the law and to the testimony," for "if they speak not according to this rule there is no light in them."

"It is so pleasant to read the Bible, Miss Newton; it would be a great grief to me to give it up," said Jane.

"Never give it up, Jane; say with the Psalmist, 'Thy testimonies have I taken to be my heritage for ever,'" replied Miss Newton.

"But I suppose the Psalmist had a *right* to it, ma'am."

"Yes, he had; but no better right than you have. He was not a priest,—he was a layman."

"I thought may be he was a priest."

"No; he could not have offered a sacrifice, or performed any of the services of the temple."

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"I think some other verses in the Psalms seem to give one a right to the Bible, Miss Newton."

"The object of the whole hundred and nineteenth psalm is to commend the Bible. 'Wherewithal shall a *young man* cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word.' Thus, not *the Church* only, but all young men may, and ought, to order their way by the directions of the scriptures."

"The ways of some of them would be better if they did," said Jane.

"They would indeed. Do you persevere in reading the scriptures, and you will feel convinced that they are addressed to yourself."

"Oh, Miss Newton, the words often seem as if just spoken to myself," she said.

"They are really so, Jane."

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CHAPTER XXV.

A NEW LIFE.

"She, for her humble sphere by nature fit,
Hath little understanding, and no wit,
Just knows, and knows no more, her Bible true,
A truth the brilliant Frenchman never knew;
And in that charter reads with sparkling eyes,
Her title to a treasure in the skies."

COWPER.

MISS NEWTON had the satisfaction of seeing Jane Harrison acquire a knowledge of the plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, and had good reason to believe that it was the *true saving* knowledge which the Holy Spirit alone can impart,—a sense of her own sinfulness, deepened with a sense of God's pardoning mercy.

And now she was so far recovered as to render it necessary to consider some plan for her support. She could no longer be a domestic servant, and her parents could not afford to keep her in idleness. To become a dressmaker seemed the most likely way of earning a livelihood for herself. She was a pretty good seamstress, and a little instruction would suffice to enable her to do business in a humble way. Her mother suggested that she might become an apprentice to Miss Lawrence or Mrs. Moffat, and rise perhaps to be forewoman; but Miss Newton felt sure that the late hours and close rooms of a great house of business would be too much for the shattered health of the lame girl.

"Father has no room for me here," Jane said. "But if

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I could get a bit room of my own, I think I might maintain myself without being a burden to anybody. I am sure my old partners would give me their gowns to make, and so would some of our acquaintance. It will do quite well to be a servant's dressmaker."

"If you could begin by lodging with some decent widow," observed Miss Newton, "I think that would be better than having a room of your own."

"If she was really decent, Miss Newton, and—"

Here Jane hesitated. Miss Newton finished the sentence. "And godly, Jane. I think we both know such a one."

Jane became pale, then flushed, and she looked intently at Miss Newton.

"I think Mrs. Tyndal would be glad to receive you," said the latter; "she is rapidly recovering."

Jane covered her face with her hands. "*His* mother!" she said. "Oh! Miss Newton!"

"Yes, Jane; she inquires constantly for you; she feels towards you as if you were her own daughter."

"I thought," said Jane, sobbing, "she would never look at me more! How *can* I see her?"

"She has the deepest interest in you, my poor girl; I think you would be comforts to each other. Shall I speak to her about it?"

"If you think, ma'am—if you think—"

"Shall I do it?"

"If you would take so much trouble, Miss Newton; but I think I would sit all day and cry with her."

"That would not be right, you know; it would be painful to meet her, but the meeting over, you would be comfortable."

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"Do just as you like, Miss Newton," said Jane, "if father is agreeable."

Miss Newton soon arranged the matter with Harrison and Mrs. Tyndal, whose heart warmed towards the poor girl, now so strangely brought to the knowledge and love of the truth. "It will comfort my laneliness," she said. "Puir lassie, puir lassie! It's no the mither's heart alane that's sair; the lassie that he lo'ed maun be unco desolate, and she has na the consolation o' bein' near the end o' her pilgrimage, as I hae. A lang, lang, weary life is maybe afore her."

"You must point her to the rest for weariness," said Miss Newton.

"Ou aye, ou aye, we maun baith seek it; but there's an unco burden here," said Mrs. Tyndal, laying her hand upon her heart. "I whiles wonder if it will fa' aff in the Jordan."

"You *know* that the cross is the place to get rid of it."

"To get rid o' the *guilt*. I laid *that* down there; but the *grief*, the *grief*, that's anither thing a'thegether; *that's* the chastisement I maun bear a' my days."

Miss Newton repeated, "Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my *yoke* upon you, and learn of me, and ye shall find rest to your souls."

"Aye, rest, rest!" echoed Mrs. Tyndal.

"There seems to be a double rest spoken of here," said Miss Newton. "A rest for the sinner in Christ himself, —a rest for the saint in Christ's *yoke*, in labouring for him."

"That's a thocht worthy o' consideration," said Mrs. Tyndal.

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"You know," Miss Newton proceeded, "I have had some sorrow, in my life. When the aching void returns to my heart, nothing comforts me so much as *work*, work for Christ."

"An' weel may it comfort. It's the happiness o' the angels," said Mrs. Tyndal, thoughtfully.

"It is; and wonderful that we should be permitted to have it. Well, I do think that you would find comfort in watching over the spiritual progress of this poor girl. I trust she has begun the new life; but *only* begun. You have experience."

"Experience o' sin, an' experience o' sorrow; but, blessed be His name, experience also o' His forgivin' mercy. I am no worthy to be an instrument o' guid to ane o' His little ones; but if He call me to it, I wad na be sae ungratefu' as to refuse."

It was therefore settled that Jane should live with Mrs. Tyndal. The small room, or rather closet, which Archie occupied, was to be his mother's sleeping apartment, and Jane was to pay a small sum weekly for the use of the larger room, and for coals, and to provide her own candles and food.

The meeting of the two bereaved ones was very painful; but they promised to be as mother and daughter to each other.

"It's a' the same as if she were my son's widow," Mrs. Tyndal said. "The puir lassie has become a dochter to me, in her sorrow and mine. May I hae grace to deal mair faithfully wi' her than I did wi' the departed."

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CHAPTER XXVI.

HOPE IN THE END.

"Without or star or angel for their guide,
Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,
And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven,
Love finds admission, where proud science fails."

YOUNG.

ANOTHER spring had come. The old pear-trees in Mr. Newton's court were putting forth soft green leaves behind the clusters of beautiful white blossoms, yet undimmed by smoke or dust. The balsam poplars, the earliest of forest-trees, were in their brightest yellow green, and their perfume, in the dew of the morning, filled the whole area. After his father's death, Mr. Newton had removed to the old family house; and greatly the children rejoiced in the trees and blossoms.

The principal back entrance or court door was graced by small flower-beds, surrounded by a green paling; a great old jessamine was trained over the door, and there was a bed of lily of the valley under the hall window. A little mignionette was sown, and a few wall-flowers were in blossom. There was a bush of sweet-briar, too; so the children thought the perfume like that of paradise; and Charlotte stood gazing upon the pearly pear blossoms, till her young heart was full of what she called her "spring feelings."

"I always feel this way in spring," said the child, "when the blue sky, and the white clouds, and the green leaves come; do you feel it, George?"

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"Do I feel what, Chatty?"

"Why, the *spring feeling*, I cannot describe it; but I *always* have it near the Easter holidays."

"*Always!* How many Easter holidays have you had, old lady?" asked George, laughing.

"Now you always laugh at me. But do you not know that Mr. Trevor has asked us to go to Fairfield at Easter and gather primroses? Oh! they have such pretty corners, he says, among the roots of old trees, where the birds sit and sing, and there's the prettiest stream in the world, with little silver trout in it."

"Yes, yes; I know," cried George. "And we are to see the Easter games at ball, and foot races, and all sorts of fun. It's capital!" And George jumped quite over a large stone which lay outside the gate.

"I like Mr. Trevor," said Charlotte.

"So do I," replied George. "We'll ride, and fish, and everything."

"We won't have time for everything," said Charlotte.

"Ten whole days, if none of them be wet, Chatty?"

"Oh! but the *if*, George—there's always an if, mamma says, in this world. But I do not think the if will happen."

"If it should, there's plenty of fun in the house for a rainy day; and *that is the only if* that can be."

"If *we live*, George. You forget about our life being a vapour."

"I would stay here all day and dig the garden *if* dinner-time would not come, and school-time would not come," said George.

"Ah! but those are ifs that *will* come," replied Charlotte.

This if did come; the children's dinner-bell rang, but

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they talked of their visit to Mr. Trevor's during the whole of the meal.

Before Easter Mr. Newton received a letter begging him to go to Fairfield to see Mr. Trevor who was dangerously ill.

The letter was written by one of the servants, and it stated Mr. Trevor to be delirious, and to be asking continually for Mr. Newton. Mr. Newton immediately set off for Fairfield, leaving his wife to convey the intelligence to his sister; he had already informed her of the hopeful, inquiring frame in which he had last seen his early friend. "I do not think he will die," said Mr. Newton, "I think he will be a changed man, and live to honour the cause of Christ; however, the Judge of the earth will do right."

It was dark when Mr. Newton arrived at Fairfield. The old butler met him. "It is brain fever, Mr. Newton," he said. "My master has called for you ever since the delirium came on; and the doctor says we may admit you, but no other stranger, to his bedside." The old man paused, fixed his eyes on Mr. Newton with an expression of awe, and said, "My master will not recover, sir."

"Has the doctor pronounced the case hopeless?" asked his auditor.

"He has not said, sir, but I know it. I knew it before he was seized."

"You knew it?"

"Yes sir; ever since your last visit I saw the sign of death about him."

"What do you mean by the sign of death, Marshall?"

"The Bible, sir; he had the Bible constantly before him."

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"But you do not suppose that reading the Bible is a sign of death?"

"I have never seen it fail, sir, in a *young* man, and my master is only forty. It's not a natural thing for a young man to do—it's a sign that the shadow of death is upon him."

"Marshall, believe me, there are many men who have read the Bible from their infancy, and yet have lived to a good old age—my father for instance."

"*I* never saw it fail," persisted the old man, solemnly shaking his head. "Mark my words, my master will not recover."

"May I see him now?" Mr. Newton inquired.

With noiseless, gliding footstep the butler led the way to Mr. Trevor's room, he paused at the open door, and looking to Mr. Newton, placed his finger upon his lips, and turned his head in a listening attitude. A low muttering was heard, but no words could be distinguished. The old man shook his head.

Then there was a sudden rustle, as if the patient had arisen in bed, and a deep, hollow voice said, "Why will you not let me see him? where is Mr. Newton?"

Mr. Newton glided softly in, and stood by the bedside. "Do you know me, James?" he inquired.

The sick man started, and fixed his glittering eyes full on the face of his friend, but spoke not.

"You asked for me," said Mr. Newton.

"*It* is true. I found the anchor," muttered Mr. Trevor.

Here the butler said in a low voice, "The master always speaks about a shipwreck and an anchor."

But Mr. Newton thought he perceived the meaning, and inquired, "Is it the anchor of the soul, dear James?"

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"Sure and stedfast," was the reply.

"When did you find it?"

"It saved me."

"Lie down, sir, lie down; I will smooth your pillows," said the poor butler, weeping.

"It is smooth, smooth now," said the sick man faintly, laying back his head—"smooth where the anchor is."

"Are you at peace?" Mr. Newton inquired, laying his hand upon the bed.

Mr. Trevor grasped it, but he did not reply. At length he said, "Why did I not allow the others to have it? Why did I send them in the railway?"

"We will tell them all of it," replied Mr. Newton.

"Yes, tell them, tell them!"

"Now, sir, do go to sleep," whispered the faithful old servant.

A period of quietness ensued; it was suddenly broken. Mr. Trevor started up: "I slept too long," he cried, "let me work, work now!"

"You are not able now, my dear friend; you will work by-and-by."

"*Now!* the night cometh."

"It is night now; you cannot work till morning."

"No, there is the sun," he replied, pointing to a lamp which shed its light dimly in the darkness of the sick-room, and aslant through the opened curtain upon his pale, wild features.

"That is not the sun, James; we can remove it," said Mr. Newton, moving the lamp out of his sight. "You see it *is* night; do sleep till morning."

"No night *there!* But can it be for *me*?"

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"For all who believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

Mr. Trevor turned and felt for something under his pillow. He drew forth a small pocket Bible. "It is true," he said, pressing it to his bosom.

"Mr. Newton would fain have asked some questions relative to his friend's lately acquired belief; but he felt that to do so in his present state would be both unsatisfactory to himself and dangerous to the invalid; he therefore only tried to soothe him to quietness, and if possible to sleep.

By-and-by there was a terrible fit of excitement. Mr. Trevor sprang out of bed, and it was only when overpowered that he was laid quietly down again. Exhaustion succeeded, and then he lay calmly for some time. Just as morning dawned, he raised himself gently in bed and said, "Newton." Mr. Newton took his hand. He pressed it silently, gazed on his friend, then laid himself back on the pillow, breathed heavily, and expired.

"My master, my master!" groaned the old domestic, bending over the body, while large tears fell upon it. "My master, my master! Oh, I knew it!"

The housekeeper now approached, and, with trembling fingers, closed the eyes. "It is a beautiful corpse," she said; "his own sweet smile upon it—the token that he died happy. Oh me, oh me! that he had none o' his own to close his eyes! But I loved him as if he'd been my own."

She wept, and the other servants now came in weeping, and lamenting the untimely death of a master whom they all loved. They left, ere long, the body with those who were to perform the last sad duties to it, and gathered in the hall to talk of their master's charities, and to assure each other that he was now "an angel in heaven."

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One of them remarked that he had even grown religious of late.

"Ah! that was the sign of death," said the butler.

"It is not a sure sign," remarked another servant, "for Mr. Newton has been religious all his life."

"It was a sign to him," the butler persisted.

"I wish we were all as good," said the housemaid.

Mr. Newton inquired if none of Mr. Trevor's relations had been sent for. He was told that as soon as dangerous symptoms occurred his uncle was written to; but as he was probably in London, it might be another day before he arrived.

He did arrive, however, in time to make arrangements for the funeral, and Mr. Newton returned home until the day fixed for it.

There was great mourning among the poor, for Mr. Trevor had been singularly benevolent, and much beloved. A large concourse attended his funeral.

Mr. Trevor had made a will leaving considerable sums to various charities, besides small legacies to his old servants and poor people. There was one item, the reading of which occasioned some sensation; it was a legacy to Miss Newton, which the testator stated to be "a small tribute of his admiration for her Christian character and benevolent labours."

"A very gratifying and very unexpected mark of friendship," Mr. Newton remarked.

Some books were left to Mr. Newton; the bulk of the property to his uncle's family.

Miss Newton was much affected by the legacy. "It shall all be expended in such works of charity as he delighted in," she said.

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"Rather let it be in such as he regretted not having engaged in," said her brother,—"in benefiting the *souls* of men. I feel sure he had learned the value of his own soul."

"And do you think he had secured its safety by faith in Christ?" asked Miss Newton.

"I have told you all that I know," replied her brother. "I think we may hope."

The missionary, Mr. Cargill, was one evening surprised by a visit from William Gibson, who stated that, ever since the fatal accident on the railway, his mind had been much disturbed. He had gone a few times to the Puseyite church, but found no comfort in the forms and ceremonies there. A sense of guilt haunted him; the scepticism instilled by Jackson was shaken, and a book lent him by Haggarth deepened his distress. The arrows of conviction had entered into his soul, and he stood condemned and trembling before the God whose existence, or at least whose attributes, he had once striven to deny.

He had escaped unhurt when so many suffered, and he thought of this with awe. At length he determined to go to Mr. Cargill for counsel; and right glad was the missionary to lead him to the study of the Scriptures, and to the remedy for a stricken conscience contained therein. William Gibson became a humble believer.

Jackson had been hurt. He had suffered considerable pain, although in no danger. His malignity was exasperated; and when William Gibson forsook his company and consorted with "the saints," he set no bounds to his ridicule and malevolence. He made many attempts to draw his former companion back within his toils, but did not

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succeed. The grace of God had taken the young man out of the snare, and the same grace kept him safely.

Jane Harrison still lives with Mrs. Tyndal as her daughter, and both find consolation in the Bible. Jane has got a good business.

Miss Newton labours in faith, and love, and cheerfulness. Her brother and his faithful foreman go on useful and beloved, each respected in his sphere, and seeking to serve God and to adorn the gospel. Haggarth does not expect long to survive "the old master," for the light from the other world has begun to shed its brightness upon his heart, and his affections are in heaven. He has informed Mr. Newton of his intention to resign his post at the next term, and Mr. Newton has determined to bestow it upon Alie's husband. "I know no one more intelligent, active, and upright," said he; "no one who will make a more conscientious successor to our faithful old foreman than James Collins."

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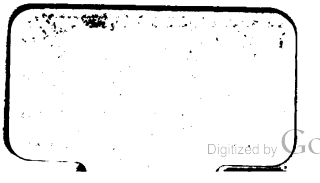
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